

LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN

*Selected from the Correspondence of
Cicero and Translated by*

ARTHUR PATCH MCKINLAY



DELIGHTFUL and trivial at times, grave and tragic at others, Cicero's letters, the epistolary masterpiece of ancient literature, are a perfect picture of the unsettled time in which he lived.

From the nine hundred and sixteen letters that he left, Mr. McKinlay has made a wise and very human selection. We see the great Roman laughing at his own foibles and those of his friends; describing court scenes and sessions of the Senate; analyzing the political situation; chatting of society and books.

This material is delightfully arranged, with illuminating comments, and the result is an intimate and uncommonly readable account of life during one of the most interesting periods of the world's history.

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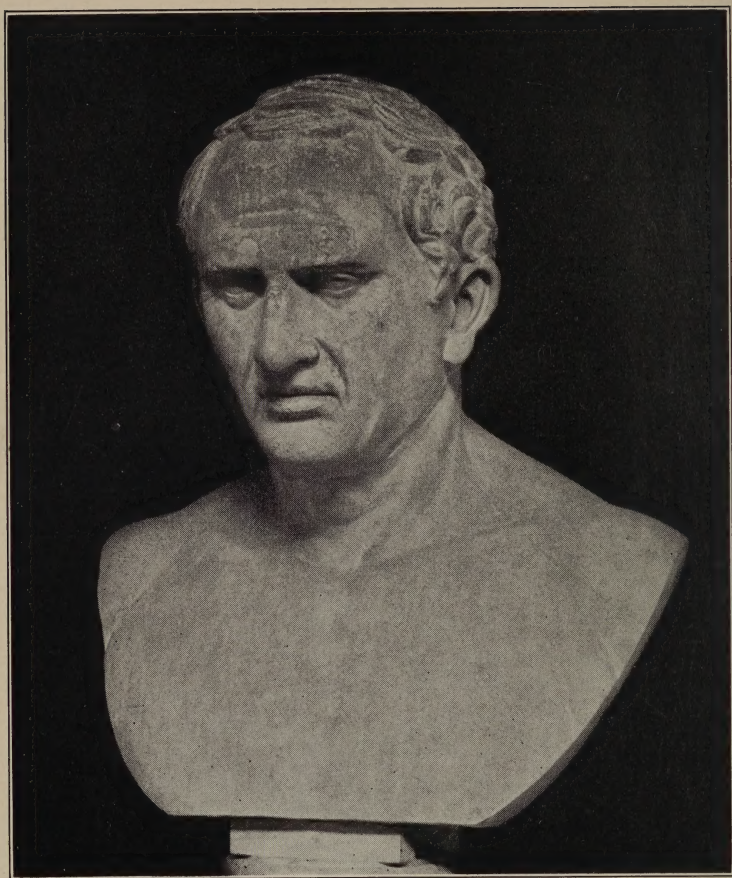
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LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO
The Bust in the Vatican

LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN

SELECTED FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF
CICERO

AND TRANSLATED BY
ARTHUR PATCH McKINLAY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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PREFACE

WITH the passing years I have come to believe that others might like to share with me the joy I have in the letters of Cicero ; hence I offer this collection, which includes the portions of his correspondence most significant for their humor, literary excellence, and pertinency to present-day problems. At times the interest of the reader will be caught by some deft touch, as when Cicero broaches the architectural problem of "broad versus narrow" windows, when he compares his style with the devices of the boudoir, or when he springs his "close-ups" of Pompey, Brutus, and Cæsar. At times weightier matters will engross the attention. The student of civilization, as he reads, will shake his head apprehensively over the organization of militant minorities, the degradation of the proletariat, the concentration of the land in the hands of a few, the all-powerful coteries of bankers, "easy money," and cheap amusements — phenomena that figure largely in Cicero's panorama of the downfall of the Republic. The political scientist will see what happens when government ceases to function — when vetoes, filibustering, manipulation of the elections, bribery of the courts, and the organization of the rabble into political clubs make a mockery of law and order. Verily, in Cicero's revelation

of himself and of his times we get glimpses of ourselves and of a state of affairs perilously reminiscent of those momentous days when the first great republic went to its doom.

The selections as far as possible have been made with a view to giving a complete story of Cicero's life as revealed in his letters up to the time they stop short with the *débâcle* of the Republican cause in August, B.C. 43. Following the division of Tyrrell and Purser's great edition, I have divided the whole into six chapters. With each part goes an introduction that is intended to furnish guideposts for the general reader. There is a good deal of explanatory matter prefixed to individual letters or groups of them.

As behooves a disciple of the Ciceronian canon of appropriateness, I have rejected everything that was not grist to my mill, everything that could not be put over without too much explanation. Thus fewer than a quarter of the letters have been included, many of these only in part. Not only letters but paragraphs, sentences, and parts of sentences have gone by the board. In keeping with my purpose of making a readable book, I have avoided signs of omission. As a substitute for footnotes I have inserted many comments in the text of the letters. All matter enclosed within parenthetical marks is mine, not Cicero's. With this by way of preface, I offer this volume in the hope that it will prove acceptable to the reading public, which, to cite the experience of a veteran reader, has just found out that the

most brilliant novel pales in interest by comparison with the masterpieces of biography.

I gladly acknowledge my obligation to Boissier, Peterson, Strachan-Davidson, Sihler, Schuckburg; to Dr. Edwin Moore Rankin and Dr. Lily B. Campbell, who have read this manuscript with painstaking and scholarly care; and above all to Tyrrell and Purser, whose edition of the *Correspondence* has been ever with me during the years that have gone into the preparation of this volume.

No one knows better than I do the inadequacy of my effort; suffice it to say that the "labor has been its own reward." If in addition I have lured any one to join those throngs that used to flock to Cicero's morning receptions or to number themselves among those disciples who were wont to applaud his *bons mots* at the dinner hour, the endeavor has not been in vain.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are times when the world is at the turning point. It was at such a time that Cicero was born. Rome after a most remarkable rise seemed due for just as spectacular a fall. Her simple lords had yielded to the lure of mammon and her sturdy farmers had been immolated on the altar of Hannibal's revenge. Moral and political anarchy confronted the state. This was the situation that produced the *Letters* of Cicero. It will help the reader in his understanding of them and their times if he will rapidly retrace the seven stages that mark the course of Roman society.

First, a period of industrial prosperity in which the kings fostered the middle class as a check to the power of the landholding barons. This attempt at industrialism ended with the expulsion of the Tarquins in B.C. 510 (?).

Second, a period (B.C. 510-367) of struggle by the people for political and economic opportunity in which the farmer lords saved their land policy by yielding their political prerogative.

Third, a period (B.C. 367-266) of expansion in which a policy of colonization postponed the evil day of industrial reckoning.

Fourth, a period (B.C. 266-145) of terrible wastage in

which the trident of Neptune and the sword of Hannibal by letting the blood of the proletariat saved the state the necessity of solving the economic question.

Fifth, a period (B.C. 145–45) of political and economic anarchy in which the ruling class, ruined by inbreeding, unrestrained power, and luxury, ceased to function; a period in which speculation in real estate and slaves — a legacy from the world wars — turned workers into parasitic hordes ready for the machinations of a Cæsar.

Sixth, a period (B.C. 45–A.D. 305) of peace in which the government functioned politically to a fair degree of success, but failed to develop a sound economic system.

Seventh, a period (ending with the early Middle Ages) of steady deterioration in which a sclerosis fell upon the arteries of industry and the body politic died, breaking up into great landed estates. Rome, dogged at every step by the curse of landlordism, had run a complete cycle from the patrician farmers of the early Republic to the feudal lords of the Middle Ages.

It was in the fifth period of this recital that the *Letters* of Cicero were to appear. To appreciate them one must have a clear understanding of the politics of the time. As I have pointed out, the development of Rome had been such as to throw all the pickings — social, financial, and political — in the hands of the few and to toss only the leavings to the great majority. By the time of Cicero only a few hundred families controlled the wealth of Rome. Even a smaller

number possessed all the offices. In a hundred years Marius and Cicero were almost the only "new men" to break into the political game. As long as the old families maintained their integrity, they easily held their prerogatives; but when in the second century before Christ, inbreeding and luxury had destroyed their morale, the proletariat had its chance. How it won is set forth in the letters of Cicero.

The narrative of this revolution will be understood more easily if we can agree on what terms to apply to the opposing parties. For the party of prerogative several titles suggest themselves: Conservatives, Tories, Republicans, and Constitutionals. But these names either ignore the social side of the contest or smack too much of modern politics. To the other party such terms as Radicals and Democrats are sometimes applied. But they connote too much, for they imply a political sense that the Roman proletariat never possessed; in a thousand years it seems never to have produced a statesman.

Therefore, setting aside the modern terms, I shall use the old Roman names: *Optimates*, the party of vested interests that stood for the Republic and the constitution; and *Populares*, the impecunious proletariat that was willing to follow any demagogue who would promise it its daily bread. Besides there were the knights (*Equites*) whose god was mammon. They sided with the party which could best subserve their immediate pecuniary interests.

It was in this setting that Fate placed Cicero. There he

was to make the last successful attempt to dam the proletarian flood. There it was his fortune, for ill or for good, to cross swords with Catiline, Clodius, Crassus, Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and Octavian.

Cicero seemingly had a wonderful preparation for the part he was to take in the drama of his age. This statement will be clear from a brief review of his life up to the time when the *Correspondence* opens. He was a native of Arpinum, otherwise known for having produced that other great Arpinate, Marius. When Cicero wrote the first letter of this collection, B.C. 65, he was forty-one years old. He had had the conventional education of a Roman boy, had "read law" with the great jurist Scævola, had studied philosophy with Philo and public speaking with various Greek professors, and he had taken a post-graduate course in the schools of Athens and other Greek cities. He had started his remarkable friendship with Pomponius Atticus. He had served as a staff officer in the Marsian wars and as commissioner of public funds in 75 and of public works in 69, and as municipal judge in 66. He had broken into public life by "opposing wickedness in high places" when he defied the Sullan régime with his defense of Roscius Amerinus in 80. His position gained through this and other cases was further strengthened by his remarkable prosecution of Verres in 70.

This career had made him an amateur in philosophy and an adept at public speaking. These same two subjects

reached their consummation in his great essays and orations. There is a third domain of literature in which he wandered widely, to wit, letter-writing. It is this field with which we are now most immediately concerned. There is extant a body of correspondence consisting of 916 letters of which nine tenths are from the hand of Cicero. In the manuscripts these are arranged in books: sixteen to Atticus (the *Att.* of the text), sixteen to or from various friends and acquaintances (the *Fam.* of the text), three to or from his brother Quintus, and two to or from Marcus Brutus (the *Q. Fr.* and *Brut.* of the text). Atticus evidently collected the letters that were addressed to him. But in line with his policy of keeping himself out of the limelight, he prevented their publication, not only during his own life, but also during that of his immediate descendants. More than this, he completely suppressed his side of the correspondence. The other letters were published, probably, by Tiro, Cicero's private secretary, who began the collection in 44 B.C., the year before his master's death. Those of the early years are relatively few, for the ravages of time must have destroyed many before Tiro hit upon the idea of publishing them. At times there were months, even years, without any letters, especially when both Cicero and Atticus were at Rome; again, especially during periods of great stress, weeks would go by without the missing of a daily letter. As the years passed, the rate rapidly increases, two thirds of the correspondence being issued in the last six years, fully half in the last three

years of Cicero's life. For some reason, best known, perhaps, to Atticus or Augustus, we have nothing from the last few months — to the saving, no doubt, of somebody's face, but to the great impoverishment of history.

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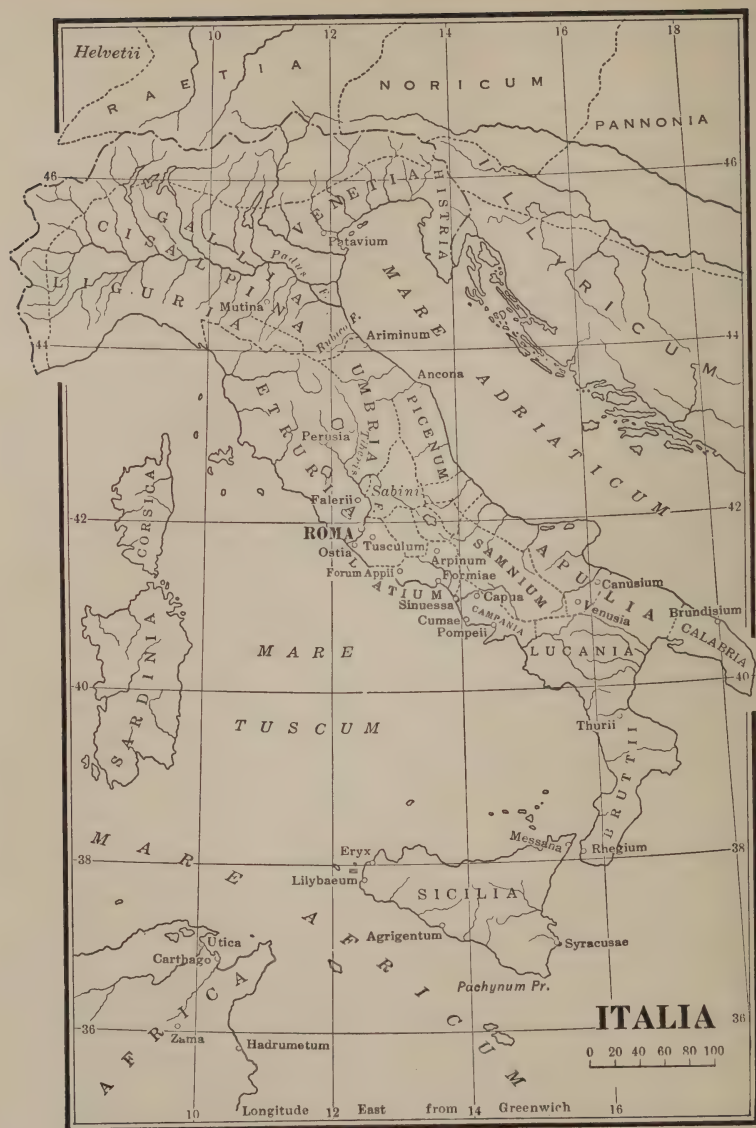
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LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN



CHAPTER I

RISING AND FALLING

INTRODUCTION

THE first chapter of Cicero's life may be termed the period of his exaltation and humiliation. It embraces the first eighty-nine of his letters and covers the years B.C. December 68 to August 57, the date of Cicero's return from exile. The chief events of these years were Pompey's crushing of the pirates in B.C. 67 and his commission to carry on the war against Mithridates in 66; Catiline's conspiracy and Cicero's coalition government in 63; the break-up of the coalition through Cicero's quarrel with Clodius, the selfishness of the equestrian order, the perversity of the *Optimates*, and the opportunism of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar; the formation of the first triumvirate in 60 and Cæsar's first consulship in 59; the beginning of the Gallic war and Cicero's exile in 58; and his recall in 57.

Of all these events Cicero could truly say with Vergil's Æneas that he was a great part. It was Cicero who in his *Manilian Law* voiced the policy that stood for recognizing Pompey's leadership. It was Cicero who handled the

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Catiline crisis, playing with the conspirators with all the mastery of a Wilson until, getting them where he wanted them, he drove home a crushing blow. The coalition policy of government was his; it was also his to say whether the triumvirate should not be a quattuorvirate. When it comes to the Clodian episode, to the exile, and to the recall, Cicero was, to commit a Hibernicism, chief mourner at his own wake.

Cicero spoke truly when he said to Luceius (p. 10) that his own life exemplified the reversals of fortune that are wont to make a story engrossing. He reached the climax of his career with the stirring scenes of December 63, when he throttled the conspiracy. No sooner had the last hours of the year ebbed away than an ominous portent appeared. The tribune Metellus forbade Cicero's making the speech customary upon the laying down of consular power. Then the *Optimates* turned a cold shoulder to the social aspirations of the upstart who asked for nothing but to be allowed to use his matchless oratorical powers for the maintenance of their prerogative. Lastly, when true to his colors, Cicero refused Cæsar's offer to make common cause with the triumvirs, these subverters of the constitution felt obliged to establish what would be to-day a censorship of the press by muzzling Cicero.

Luck fell in with their schemes. Haply a scamp by the name of Clodius, brother of Catullus's Lesbia, got caught at a women's party held in honor of the *Bona Dea*. At

the resultant trial for sacrilege, Clodius's attempt at an alibi was foiled by Cicero's testimony. Clodius in a rage sought revenge. Cicero's vulnerable point was the fact that he had put Catiline's lieutenants to death without a trial. Clodius decided to attack him on this score. To carry out this plan it was necessary for Clodius to become a tribune; to become a tribune he must be adopted as a plebeian. With the consent of the triumvirs he put through these preliminaries. At first Cicero did not sense what Clodius was really driving at. Later, secure in Pompey's promises and in the backing of the *Optimates*, he welcomed the contest. But when at last he found these supports broken reeds, it was too late for him to rally his friends to his defense. With the passage of the edict of exile he quietly slipped off to Brindisi and thence to friends at Saloniki in Macedonia.

Hardly had Cicero been banished when a reaction in his favor began to set in. Pompey and the *Optimates* had some qualms of conscience over having treated their champion so scurvily. They instituted various attempts at action, but were checkmated by the magistrates of the plebs backed up by Clodius and his gang of roughs. Finally Milo and Sestius beat the rowdy at his own game: they organized companies of retainers, brought up Cicero's friends from all over Italy, and forced the bill of recall through the assembly of the people. In anticipation of this event Cicero was already on his way home. An account of his triumphal return belongs to the next chapter.

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The letters of this period reveal the low lights of Cicero's private life no less clearly than they do the high lights of his public career. We see him as the simple friend of Atticus, the loyal admirer of Pompey, the devoted brother of Quintus, the fond father of Tullia. We note his pleasure in things artistic and his utter despondency in the vale of humiliation. Repeatedly does he laugh at his own foibles; hence we should judge that many of his critics have insisted on taking him more seriously than he does himself. Furthermore, as a literary artist he virtually assumes the position of art for art's sake. Brilliant pen pictures and characterizations abound: court scenes and sessions of the Senate; sketches of Pompey, Piso, and the Tories. The most interesting of the letters are those about Cicero's candidacy, his masterly reply to Metellus, the accounts of Clodius' trial, and the descriptions of the political situation.

The first letter of this collection fittingly introduces us to Cicero and his other half, Titus Pomponius Atticus. This worldly-wise gentleman early sensed the dangers threatening the state and decided that the only way for him to save his skin was to keep out of politics and to keep in with all men. He carried out the former part of his programme by retiring to Athens and staying there until he could put through the second — namely, making friends. In doing so, he followed the principle laid down in Shakespeare, to grapple them to his soul with hoops — not of steel, how-

ever, but of gold. He succeeded so well that he safely weathered the storms that took off most of his associates. Incidentally, in fostering art and culture he became a forerunner of our philanthropists, winning the cognomen of Atticus for his patronage of Athens.

Cicero, too, had a life plan, but in its conception he betrayed nothing of his friend's pusillanimity. What he had in mind was something like this : He would become a great orator ; by his oratorical power he would win political recognition and run the usual round of offices culminating in the consulship ; he would then settle down into the life of an honored consular who would be looked up to for his career and appealed to for his advice. Everything went without a hitch until just as he was ready to lay down his reins of office, Catiline hatched his conspiracy.

This Catiline was a product of his times. When Rome became a world power in the second century B.C., the old nobility proved unable to adjust itself to the increasing complexity of life and speedily went into moral and political bankruptcy. By the beginning of the first century, government had ceased to function and was ready to fall into the hands of any needy adventurer who could set the political machinery to going again. Catiline thought he was the man. He made several attempts at revolution, but Cicero was too sharp for him. Finally, rumors of the conspiracy came so thick and fast that a few days before the close of his consulship on the eighth of November, B.C. 63, Cicero

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arose in the Senate and delivered his famous invective. Thereupon Catiline left the city. Early in December written proofs of guilt fell into Cicero's hands. He straightway arrested Catiline's chief accomplices. December 5 they were brought to trial, and against the advice of Cæsar they were sentenced to death. Cicero executed the decree. Meanwhile state levies were looking after the forces of Catiline in the field and in January, B.C. 62, defeated them and slew their leader. Cicero was very proud of his exploit, and well he might be when he compared his half-dozen victims with the thousands that fell in the civic riots of Sulla and Marius. But to tell the truth, his exultation was ill-founded, for in putting to death Roman citizens without allowing the right of appeal he won the everlasting hatred of the *Populares* and in consequence four years later was driven into exile.

The following letter shows Cicero nearing the top of the ladder. It was written the year before his election to the consulate. In it he sets forth the political situation. His reference to Catiline betrays no hint of the part each is to play in the life of the other.

Electioneering Gossip

I. (*Att. I. I.*)

TO ATTICUS (at Athens)

ROME, *July*, B.C. 65.

You are eager to know how my candidacy is coming on. As far as I can make out, the situation is this: The only

one as yet to come out openly is Publius Galba. He gets an outright, old-fashioned *no*. Gossip has it that his premature announcement has made capital for me. For most persons in denying him declare themselves as my supporters; and so my expectations are aroused somewhat as the rumor gets around that my friends are in the majority. I shall probably start my canvass at the election for tribune, July seventeenth. My competitors who seem most certain of running are Galba, Antonius, and Cornificius. At this news, no doubt, you have either smiled or groaned. It will be enough to make you tear your hair to hear that in some quarters Cæsonius is regarded as likely to run. Aquilius will hardly be a candidate, for he has issued a denial in which he pleads as excuses ill health and his position in the courts. Catiline is sure to compete unless in his coming trial for embezzlement the jury shall decide that the sun does not shine at midday. As for Aufidius and Palicanus, I fancy you will hardly wait for me to write.

Of the candidates for this year's election, Cæsar (Mark Antony's uncle) seems sure of winning. According to report, the race for the other seat will be between Thermus and Silanus. They have so few friends and are so little known that I imagine that Curius could be brought in as a dark horse. No one, however, thinks so but me. It seems to suit my interest best that Thermus should be elected, for since he has gained some prominence as commissioner for the repair of the Flaminian Way, there is none of the pre-

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sent candidates who if left over till next year would be a more formidable rival. Such in brief is about the way I am able to size up the political situation thus far.

Politics Again

This letter shows Cicero's prescience of the preceding epistle when he forecast the election of Cæsar. Those who remember the berating Cicero gave Catiline in his first invective will be interested in the different tone manifested in this letter.

II. (*Att. I. 2*)

TO ATTICUS (at Athens)

ROME, (*after*) July 17, B.C. 65

Know you that on July seventeenth, Lucius Julius Cæsar and Gaius Marcius Figulus were elected consuls and that a son was born to me. The mother is doing well.

Not a word from you for ever so long. I have already given you a careful account of my political prospects. At the present time I am thinking of defending a rival of mine, Catiline, in his coming trial for malversation of funds. The jury is favorable, the prosecutor compliant. I hope that if he is acquitted, he will support me in my political aspirations; if providence orders otherwise, I shall bear the mischance with resignation.

I have need of your early return to the city, for it is the town talk that your friends, the *Optimates*, will oppose my political advancement; hence you will surely be needed to

win their support for me. Therefore see to it that you carry out your expressed intention of being in Rome by the first of January.

Getting into Debt

This letter was written a year after Cicero's retirement from the consulship. As a part of his plan to be recognized by high society he purchased a house in the fashionable district. The point of the letter lies in the reason that was at the bottom of Catiline's conspiracy, that is, the desire to be rid of debt.

III. (*Fam.* V. 6)

TO PUBLIUS SESTIUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, *December*, B.C. 62

Close upon the heels of your letter felicitating me upon the prospect of securing Crassus's house I put through the deal, purchase price 3,500,000 sesterces (\$150,000). Therefore know you that I am in debt enough to make me eager myself to get up a conspiracy, that is, if any one will take me in. Some of the conspirators out of hatred exclude me and openly loathe me as the one who put down the plot; others do not trust me and fear me as a spotter, and refuse to believe that one who saved the money bags of the bankers can really be short of cash. Still there is plenty of money at six per cent. Besides, thanks to my exploits, I am accounted a good money risk.

A Bid for Immortality

Cicero was so elated over having settled Catiline and his crew that he never could stop talking about his exploit. He was particularly eager to "get into print"; hence this letter. In condemning Cicero's impudence, let him who is without sin throw the first stone; there is much tooting of horns even to-day. It is possible that in his loudest blasts of self-complacency Cicero was laughing at himself. He often says to Atticus: "You know what buckets of eloquence I can spill on that subject (the conspiracy), and how I can thunder when I get to going?"

The historian will note that Cicero's view of historical writing was very much like that of Herodotus, that history should be interesting whether true or not.

IV. (*Fam.* V. 12)

TO LUCCEIUS

ANTIVM, June, B.C. 56

A certain sense of shame has often halted me when I have been minded to take up with you face to face the topic which I now will set forth more boldly in your absence; for a letter does not blush. I burn with a longing incredible but yet not reprehensible, as I believe, to have my name honored and celebrated in your writings. Although you have often signified your intention of doing so, yet I would have you pardon my impatience; for although I always had the keenest expectations as to your work in hand, yet what I have already seen has so far surpassed my

anticipations that I long to have my consulship written up by you as soon as possible. Not only am I seized with a hope of immortality in the praises of the ages to come, but I long while still alive to enjoy — if it so be — the authoritative expression of your judgment on my exploits, the proof of your kindly feeling toward me, or at least the charm of your native ability. I am, of course, not unaware how presuming I am not only in imposing on you the task of narrating my deeds — for you might make the excuse of being too busy — but also in demanding that you sound my praises. “What,” some one might suggest, “if you should not deem my exploits worthy of commendation?” Still it becomes him who has overstepped the bounds of modesty to be wholly and thoroughly brazen; hence I ask you again and again to embellish that episode more than your opinion might warrant and in the process to put aside the rules of historical composition and grant a little more to your love for me than the truth might allow.

If I should induce you to undertake this task, you will find in it, I feel sure, a topic worthy of your eloquence and your powers; for covering the period from the beginning of the conspiracy to my exile, there can be got together, no doubt, a fair body of material which will allow you to display your well-known knowledge of the civil commotions either in explaining the causes of civic troubles or in setting forth their remedies. All the while, you will find fault with what should be blamed and will approve of what

stands the test of reason, and if you should think that you should be as frank as you usually are, you will put the brand of infamy on many for their treachery toward me.

Also in your task my career with its variety of vicissitudes will furnish a certain pleasure which with you as author will intensely interest the reader ; for nothing is more likely to please than diversity of events and change of fortune. Although these were not to be desired as matters of experience, they will be pleasing as subjects for reading ; for there is pleasure when one in safety recalls past sorrow ; and those who have never had any trouble upon beholding the misery of others take some pleasure in pity itself.

Mere chronicles furnish a degree of interest as do the data of an almanac ; but the varying fortunes of a prominent man produce wonder, apprehension, joy, annoyance, expectation, and fear. Moreover, if the whole be summed up in a notable conclusion, the mind takes the greatest delight in the reading.

I do not fear that I may seem to be a flatterer in fishing, as it were, for your favor when I show myself as being very eager to be praised by you ; you are not the one to be ignorant of your own worth nor, on the other hand, am I so foolish as to be willing to risk my reputation to one who would not himself gain honor in praising me. Therefore it will redound to my joy of soul and to the magnifying of my memory if you of all writers will put me into your pages ; because I shall have the advantage not only of your intel-

lect, just as 'Themistocles had of Herodotus', but also of the authoritative judgment of a gentleman most eminent in society, well versed in politics, and thoroughly approved of among his fellows; so that I shall seem to have had the advantage not merely of a trumpeter, as Alexander said was the case of Homer and Achilles, but also of the unimpeachable testimony of a great and famous man. I approve, to be sure, of the sentiment of Hector in a play of Nævius' when he said that he rejoiced not so much at being praised as at being praised by a praiseworthy man.

If I should fail to obtain this request of mine, I shall be compelled to do that which is often criticised — namely, write about myself. Although I have, to be sure, the example of many famous men as a warrant for my undertaking, yet the objections to an autobiography cannot escape you. One must write more modestly about one's self if there is anything to be praised, and one must pass by whatever is to be criticised. Furthermore, there is less of authority and credence in autobiographies. This awkwardness of situation we desire to avoid, and if you will take up our case, we shall be successful; hence I make this appeal to you.

If you wonder why I urge my request so at length although you have repeatedly assured me of your intention of writing a full and complete history of the critical events of my career, know you that I am fired, as I said in the beginning, with a feeling of impatience that, while I am still alive, I may be known to others through your books and

that I myself may have a little pleasure in my own glory. Please let me know, if you are not too busy, what you will do about this matter. If you will undertake the case, I will furnish you with a compilation of my notes. If you put me off to another time, I shall talk with you face to face. In the meantime you will put the finishing touches on your present task and will keep on loving me.

Cicero's Style

Whether the plea of the previous letter was successful or not, the perpetuity of Cicero's fame was not to depend on Lucceius alone; Atticus and Cicero himself were to have a hand at the task. This letter and the preceding one as well are of particular interest because in them a great master of style lets us into the secrets of his art.

V. (*Att.* II. 1)

TO ATTICUS (in Greece)

ROME, *June*, B.C. 60

As I was starting for Antium, being very glad to be rid of Metellus' try-out for his gladiators, I met your servant. He delivered your letter and also your monograph which you had written in Greek on my consulship. I am glad that I had already entrusted to Cossinius for delivery to you my work written in Greek, too, on the same subject; for if I had read yours first, you would say that I had cribbed from you. Although the style of your book seems to me a bit rough and artless, yet it is distinguished in this that it is in-

different to rhetorical ornament, like girls that are made up best when they are not made up at all. But my book has used up the contents of Isocrates' vanity kit, his pupils' paint-boxes, and even Aristotle's pigments. When I sent Posidonius a copy that he might use it in composing a more finished work, having read it he sent it back with the remark that he was not only not encouraged to undertake the task but was even discouraged (Cicero's effort being so good). In short, I have startled the whole Greek world; hence the mobs that have been pressing me to furnish them with subjects to write about bother me no longer. If you are pleased with my book, you will take care that it be made available at Athens and in other cities of Greece. Possibly it will redound to my reputation.

SHOWING THE UPSTART HIS PLACE

Like Hamlet, Cicero was born when the times were out of joint, and no more than the Prince of Denmark could he set them right. His dream of restoring the golden age of Rome in which Pompey was to play the part of a Scipio and Cicero that of a Lælius could never materialize, for he had the ill luck to be born a nobody and to have mortally offended the *Populares* by his summary execution of the Catilinarian conspirators. In the following letters we hear the sneers of the blue bloods and the rumbling of the storm brewing among the proletarians. Even Pompey balked at congratulating Cicero on his exploits.

It seems that the Metellus of Epistle VI had done a yeoman's service in crushing the conspiracy, but had backed up his brother Metellus, the tribune, who had refused to let Cicero deliver a farewell oration. The tribune based his action on the claim that he who had denied others a hearing should himself be unheard. In the ensuing squabbles the vetoing magistrate was cashiered; hence the following letters. Cicero's is a masterpiece of dignity and of graciousness withal. The writer of Epistle VI reveals the grouching hinted at in the poems of Catullus and perhaps accounts for Lesbia's unfaithfulness to her peevish husband, whom indeed she was accused of poisoning.

A Peevish Friend

VI. (*Fam. V. 1*)

QUINTUS METELLUS CELER to CICERO

CISALPINE GAUL, *January*, B.C. 62

Sir:

In consideration of our mutual affection and our recent reconciliation I had not supposed that in my absence you would make sport of me by attacking Brother Metellus at the risk of his political and financial standing, and that too, merely because of some phrase he let fall. If the respect due him was not of sufficient protection to him, at least the social position of my family and the vigorous way in which I supported you in the administration of the state ought to have protected him sufficiently. But as it is, I see that he is threatened with being deposed from his office, with the

result that I am left in the lurch by those who should least of all do so. Therefore, I, a governor of a province, a general of an army, a commander at the front, am in unseemly mourning. Since you have thus acted without the graciousness of a man of family traditions, do not be surprised if you shall be sorry for your foolishness. I did not dream that you would be so fickle toward me and mine. Meanwhile pique over family matters nor any one's injustice will estrange me from devotion to the constitution.

A Retort Courteous

VII. (*Fam. V. 2*)

TO QUINTUS METELLUS CELER
(in Cisalpine Gaul)

ROME, *January* or *February*, B.C. 62

Honored Sir:

You write that in consideration of our mutual affection you had never expected to be made fun of by me. What the import of this remark may be I cannot well make out, but I surmise that a report has reached you of what I said in the Senate when I was maintaining that there were a great many who took it ill because it was I that had saved the state. In the course of my remarks I said that in deference to your brother you kept quiet and did not carry out your intention of speaking in my praise before the Senate. During my speech when I set forth how eagerly I had been looking for your laudation and how I had been deceived, my hearers saw the joke and raised a bit of laugh — not at you

but at my mistake and at the naïve and frank way I confessed my eagerness to be praised by you. Surely on the occasion of my glorious triumph I could do you no disrespect by expressing a wish to have a word of testimony from you.

As to your phrase "in consideration of our mutual affection," I am at a loss to know what you mean by "mutual." I myself view it as a giving and receiving of like good will. If I should say that it was for your sake that I forwent having a province, no doubt you would call my excuse piffle, for my plan of life excluded foreign service. But I do say this that as soon as I had publicly announced my intention of not taking a province, I straightway began to plan how I might turn it over to you. I say nothing about the allotting of the province. I would merely have you suspect that my colleague did nothing in that matter without my cognizance. You remember the rest: how immediately upon the finishing of the allotment I called a session of the Senate, how in your behalf I delivered a speech which you yourself characterized as being not only commendatory of yourself but also as derogatory of your rivals. Furthermore, the very preamble to the decree which made the appointment, as long as it is extant, will testify to my services in your behalf. When you have compared all these acts of mine, you may judge whether your recent demonstration of force near the city is an example of being "mutually minded one toward the other."

As to your writing that I ought not to have attacked your

brother because of a phrase he had uttered, when I found that he was making it the chief endeavor of his tribuneship to bring about my downfall, I pleaded with your wife Claudia (the famous Clodia) and your sister Mucia (Pompey's wife) to dissuade him from his design. But as you know full well, on the last day of the year he treated me, the consul, saviour of my country, as no one has ever treated the most disloyal citizen, holder of a most trivial magistracy; he refused to let me address the people as I laid down my office. His insult, however, brought me great honor; for when he allowed me to do nothing except to take the oath, in a loud voice I swore a most true and beautiful oath; the people with a great shout answered that I had sworn truly. Though I had been insulted so signally, yet on that very day I sent common friends to beg him to desist from his purpose. He replied that he was no longer free to act, calling attention to his recent address in which he had said that he who had put others to death unheard should himself be denied a hearing. Accordingly I resisted him to his face.

Notwithstanding all this, mark you my gentleness of nature. In whatever measures were taken against your brother I cast no vote against him. I even add this, that owing to his being your brother I did my best to help him.

Hence, you see, I did not attack your brother; I merely withstood him and so far was I from showing myself fickle toward you as you write, that, though abandoned by you, I persisted in my affection for you. At this time also when

you write what is practically a letter of threat, I make you this reply: I not only forgive you for your spirit of vexation but I also give it high praise; for my own feelings advise me how great is the power of brotherly love. I beg you, however, to make yourself an impartial judge of my own distress. If I have been attacked by a member of your family bitterly, monstrosly, and unreasonably, you will conclude not only that I should not yield to you but that I should even have your help and that of your army in a cause of such a kind. I have always wished you to be my friend; I have striven to have you feel that I was a friend of yours. I abide by this wish of mine, and I shall do so just as long as you will allow, and out of my love for you I shall be more quick to cease hating your brother, than out of hatred for him to diminish aught of my affection for you.

A Gentle Reminder

VIII. (*Fam. V. 7*)

TO POMPEY (in Asia)

ROME, *June* (about), B.C. 62

Honored Sir:

From your official dispatches all of us have taken keen delight; for you have given such promise of peace as, relying on my trust in you, I have always been wont to prophesy.

Your letter to me, although it gave scant indication of your regard for me, afforded me pleasure; for I am in the habit of rejoicing in nothing so much as in the conscious-

ness of having served my friends. If I do not meet with reciprocity in this matter, I readily acquiesce in having the balance in my favor. I do not doubt that if my support of your interests has failed fully to bring about a union between us, at least the interests of the state will do so.

That you may not be ignorant of what I failed to find in your letter, I'll be frank in what I say, just as my nature and our relationship demand. Our friendship and the public weal had led me to expect in your letter some recognition of what I had done in my consulship. This was passed over by you, I fancy, because you feared to hurt somebody's feelings. But be assured that what I did for the public welfare meets the approval of the whole world. When you come, you will find out that I have acted with so much wisdom and spirit that though you are greater than Africanus and I a bit less, perhaps, than Lælius, you will readily admit of our being close political and personal friends.

THE CLODIAN AFFAIR

If the superciliousness of the aristocrats, the coolness of Pompey, and the attitude of the Metelli were rumblings of approaching trouble, the Clodian affair was the storm itself, which culminated in a thunderbolt that landed right on the head of the luckless Cicero, hurled him into exile, and left him a political waif on the wrack of time. The letters dealing with this episode are among the most brilliant of the correspondence: they abound in characterizations of indi-

viduals — Clodius, Piso, Metellus, and Pompey; in descriptions of scenes in the court room and in the senate house; summaries of the political situation in which — through the stupidity of the *Optimates*, the meddling of Crassus, the perversity of Cato, and the childishness of Pompey — Cicero's cherished dream of a lasting concordat between the *Optimates* and Knights faded into airy nothingness.

The Political Situation

IX. (*Att. I. 13*)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, 25 *January*, B.C. 61

The consul (Piso best known to my readers as the colleague of Messala in whose consulship Orgetorix made his conspiracy) is a man of small and mean disposition; a humorist of the crabbed sort that gets a laugh even though witless; laughed at for his face, not his facetiousness; no politician at all; at outs with the *Optimates*; unlikely to do the state any good by reason of disinclination, nor to do it any ill by reason of timidity. His colleague (Messala) treats me with the greatest consideration; he understands the political game, and is *en rapport* with the *Optimates*.

This slight difference between the two consuls is likely to lead to serious consequences, for, no doubt, you have heard that a man in woman's clothes attended a women's festival at Cæsar's house. Nothing was done about the affair till after the vestal virgins had performed the ceremony over again when Cornificius, a mere prætor, brought the

matter before the Senate. That body then referred the case to the pontifices who reported it back with the decision that a sacrilege had been committed. The Senate then directed the consuls to bring in a bill in regard to the affair ; Cæsar divorced his wife. Piso out of his friendship for Clodius, though by the Senate's order he is sponsor for the bill, and though it is on a matter involving the state religion, is doing his best to have the bill rejected. His colleague (Messala) is as yet pushing the case vigorously and uncompromisingly. The *Optimates* in response to Clodius' entreaties are holding off. Gangs of hoodlums are being organized. I, though at first a regular Lycurgus, am cooling down as the days go by. Cato is insistently pushing the prosecution. In short, I fear lest the negligence of the *Optimates*, and the energy of the *Populares* in handling this business bring much woe upon the state (i.e., upset Cicero's famous coalition of the parties for the good of the state).

That friend of yours — you know whom I mean (Pompey) — who as you wrote began to praise me after he became afraid of criticising, makes a show of esteeming me exceedingly, of embracing and loving ; he lauds me before the world, but evidently envies me in secret. There is nothing affable about him, nothing above board, no political honesty, no brilliancy, no vigor, no generosity. More about this in detail at another time, for as yet I am not quite clear as to the situation and besides I do not dare to entrust a letter on such important matters to any irresponsible son of earth.

*A Day in the Senate*X. (*Att.* I. 14)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, 13 February, B.C. 61

I fear I may bore you by writing how busy I am, but I really am so distracted that I hardly have time for this bit of a note.

I have already written you a description (letter non-existent) of Pompey's first address to the people, unacceptable to the rabble, unsatisfactory to the *Populares*, displeasing to the rich, of no moment to the *Optimates*; therefore it met with a frost. Later on, as he took his seat after another speech, he remarked to me, "I guess I said enough about those exploits of yours."

When his evident approval of my consulship earned him popular applause, Crassus arose and spoke in most laudatory terms of my public administration saying that he owed to me that he was a senator, a citizen, a freeman, alive; that as often as he looked upon his wife, his home, his country, so often did he see me as his benefactor. In short, that whole theme which I am accustomed to paint with such various colors in my orations which you criticise so severely, dilating on the horrors of fire and sword — you know what buckets of eloquence I am wont to empty — he set forth with very great dignity. I was sitting next to Pompey. I noticed the fellow was disturbed that Crassus had come in for the applause that he had let slip, or was it that my exploits were so great that, to the marked pleasure of the Sen-

ate, they received the praise of one whom (Crassus) in my laudation of Pompey I had censured in all my speeches — nay in every letter of them? This day made much for bringing Crassus and me together; yet I made public acknowledgment of all the praise Pompey had hinted at in his speech. O ye gods, how I laid it on thick before my new auditor (Pompey)! If ever I had a plentiful supply of well rounded periods, easy transitions, effective arguments, and figures of speech, it was on that occasion. In short, long and continued applause! The whole tenor of my discourse was on the dignity of the Senate, its coalition with the knights, the harmony of all Italy, the lifeless embers of the conspiracy, the cheapness of food, and peace. You know how I can thunder on such a subject. So loud a noise did I make that I cut my description short, because no doubt you heard it from where you are (in Epirus).

Now for a report on the case of Clodius. The Senate is a regular Areopagus; no court could be more consistent, dignified, and vigorous. When the day for the inquiry came, lads with goatees kept running around, Catiline's rabble, under the leadership of the dandy Curio, begging the people to reject the bill. The consul Piso, though father of the bill, tried to kill it. Clodius' gang beset the approaches to the voting booths. Only ballots marked for quashing the case were being distributed. At this behold Cato flying to the rostrum. He calls Piso down in fine fashion; if indeed that term can be applied to a speech full of dignity, author-

ity, and good sense. Our Hortensius backs him up as do many others of the *Optimates*. This agreement on the part of the *Optimates* breaks up the election. The Senate is convoked. Against the opposition of Piso and in spite of the pleading of Clodius, who goes around button-holing everybody, a motion is made that the consuls request the people to bring in a true bill. Fifteen votes for the negative, upwards of four hundred for the affirmative. The affair was over.

Clodius is making speeches to excite the pity of the populace; in these he attacks in insolent fashion Lucullus, Messala, Caius Piso, and Hortensius; me he merely taunts with having punished the Catilinarians on hearsay.

So much for what is going on in Rome.

A Miscarriage of Justice

XI. (*Att.* I. 16)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, July, B.C. 61

You ask me what happened that the trial (Clodius') turned out so contrary to expectation and why I fought less vigorously than is my wont. I shall reply in Homeric fashion to the last question first.

As long as there was any need of championing the dignity of the Senate I contended so sharply and energetically that I gathered around me a great crowd and aroused mighty bursts of applause. If you ever felt that I displayed vigor in the cause of the state, you would have admired me then.

When Clodius as a last resort began to harangue the rabble, and — great guns! — tried to bring discredit upon my name — what a bloody fight did I not put up! Ye gods! I missed you not only as an advisor in my counsels but also as a witness to my marvelous battles.

But after Hortensius thought out the scheme to let Fufius bring in a bill that differed not a whit from the consular bill except in the way in which the jury was to be chosen — the crucial point, however — and after he actually supported the new bill convinced, as he was, that no matter what the jury was, Clodius would be convicted, seeing the poverty of the panel I took in my sails, testifying to nothing but what was perfectly well known, (namely, that Cicero had seen Clodius within three hours of the time the latter had sworn he was eighty miles away).

To return to your first question, if you wish to learn the reason of the acquittal, know you that it was the poverty and the shamelessness of the jury. This was the fault of Hortensius who for fear of Fufius's interposing a veto to the consular bill, not seeing that it was better for Clodius not to be brought to trial at all rather than to risk a shaky and untrustworthy panel, allowed the tribune (Fufius) to bring in the indictment. Then when the challenging of the talesmen began, amid a mighty uproar, the prosecutor, like an upright censor threw out all of the most worthless names, and the defendant like a merciful buyer of slaves for the gladiatorial games, eliminated all the more respectable. As

soon as the jury sat, the *Optimates* began to be dubious about the issue; for never did a worse crew assemble in a low-down music hall. There were censored senators, bankrupt knights, treasury clerks — not so much tellers of sums but told for a sum. There were a few honest men whom Clodius couldn't get rid of by challenging. Sad of countenance, they grieved to sit in their strange surroundings, and were greatly distressed for fear of contamination.

At this point as the several matters came up in the preliminary proceedings, there was an austerity unbelievable, entire unanimity; the defendant obtained no favor; the prosecutor got more than he asked. Hortensius was greatly elated that he had been so prescient. There was not a soul but supposed that Clodius was as good as convicted a thousand times. When the claquers of Clodius began to hoot upon my coming forward as a witness, no doubt you have heard how the jury arose and rallied around me to expose their throats to P. Clodius for my life. The next day as large a crowd welcomed me as that which escorted me home the day I laid down my ensigns of office. The jury, most worthy protectors of the law, exclaimed they would not sit unless protected by a guard. The question was referred to the Senate. It passed a decree couched in most dignified terms. It praised the jury and turned the request over to the magistrates. Nobody supposed Clodius would appear to stand trial.

“Tell me Muses, how first ——.” You know that

bald-headed eulogist (Crassus) of my exploits, about whose fine words in my behalf I wrote you. In two days with the help of a miserable slave from the gladiatorial training school, he smashed the whole case. Some of the jurymen he summoned to himself personally, others he tampered with through emissaries, making promises and distributing bribes. And, O ye gods! some, too, accepted assignations with prominent women as an additional bribe. Accordingly, although the *Optimates* absented themselves and the Forum was blocked with slaves, twenty-five jurymen were brave enough in the face of danger to risk their lives for the safety of their country; thirty-one with whom famine prevailed over fame. When Catulus saw one of the latter, he said: "Why did you ask a guard of us? Was it to safe-guard your money bags?" You have in as few words as possible an account of the trial and the reason for the acquittal.

Next you ask what is the political situation and my standing with reference to it. That fine state of politics which you consider due to me, but I to the gods — that state which the prestige of my consulship seemed to have founded and set on a coalition of all the better elements of society, unless some god takes pity on us, know you, has slipped from our hands by reason of this one verdict. Yet I as ever — I do not feel that I am boasting too much when I talk with you about myself, especially in a letter which I do not wish to be read by others — I, I say, revived the downcast spirits of the *Optimates*. By attacking the bribe-bought jurymen

and nagging at them, I took all the edge off their elation and humbled Clodius himself. On the Ides of May when the Senate had assembled, the foppish youth (Clodius) arose and threw it up to me that I had been at Baiæ. A falsehood, but what of it? "It is," I replied, "as if you should say that I had been caught disguised as a woman." "How long," said he, "shall we endure the insolence of this *rex*?" "Do you talk about *rexes*," said I, "when your brother-in-law, Quintus Rex, did not mention you in his will?" Clodius had already spent what he had expected to get from Rex. "You have bought a house," he said. "From your tone one would suppose," answered I, "you were charging me with having purchased a jury." "They did not trust you on oath," sneered he. "Twenty-five," said I, "trusted my testimony; thirty-one trusted you so little that they insisted upon having their money first." Overwhelmed by uproarious hooting he broke down and shut up.

DISSOLUTION OF THE COALITION

The tragedy of Rome is that, economically speaking, it got off on the wrong foot. When the landholding aristocracy got a strangle hold on the proletariat by driving out the kings, the face of Rome was definitely set against industrial growth and turned toward territorial expansion. This policy worked very well as an outlet for surplus population as long as the practice of establishing colonies went on; but when the sword of Hannibal had let the blood of

the proletariat (the child bearers) and the besom of war had swept the peninsula clean of its farmers, the period of colonization ended. New territories came into the empire not as colonies, but as provinces.

At the close of the struggle with Hannibal in B.C. 201, Rome had to face the second crisis in her economic history. Just as at the formation of the Republic in B.C. 510, she chose between industrialism and land capitalism, so now the same alternative presented itself; and just as in the former instance it required less mental activity to deal in mortgages and steal other people's lands than to organize industries, so now the new capitalists followed the line of least resistance, turned their backs on trade and industry, got hold of the abandoned lands of Italy and acquired huge estates in the provinces by ways that Bret Harte would brand as "peculiar." Fields need hands to cultivate them; hence came slavery and a consequent elimination of the free toiler.

This process of centralizing the landholdings was accelerated by the method of provincial taxation in vogue. There grew up a system of letting out the collection of taxes to corporations. Thus most of the ready cash of the world came under their control. They, of course, used their opportunities to strengthen their position as mortgage dealers and landholders. Thus for the second time was the door of industrial outlook bolted and barred in the face of the Roman proletariat.

But by Cicero's time the knocking at the door became loud and insistent. The Gracchi had set the knocker going loudly; Catiline kept it up. Cicero silenced it for a moment by crushing the conspiracy and he became a champion of the "safe and sane" policy of handling social questions. He thought that by welding together the elements most concerned in maintaining the established order he could bring about a return of the golden age of the Republic. Hence he stood for a coalition of social prerogative (the Senate) and of wealth (the Equestrian Order). He launched his programme with great *éclat* by his overthrow of Catiline, but could not bring to harbor a ship beset by the perils of intrigue and selfishness. The letters of this period depict the breakdown of the coalition.

The Coalition in Danger

XII. (*Att.* I. 17)

To ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, 5 December, B.C. 61

Things here are in a sorry and shifting state; for no doubt you have heard that our friends, the knights, have been almost entirely alienated from the Senate. First, they took umbrage at a decree of the latter body that there should be an investigation concerning the bribing of jurors. When I noticed that the knights were offended at the decree though they were nursing their hurt in silence, I remonstrated with the Senate in a speech as weighty and as eloquent as I could in a cause of not overly good odor.

Behold now another piece of insolence on the part of the knights. Though it could hardly be endured, I have not only put up with it but have even given it my approval. The successful bidders for the taxes of Asia have complained in the Senate that they had overreached themselves in their bidding. They demanded that the contract should be canceled. I took the lead, or rather seconded them, in their demand; for it was Crassus who put them up to it. The affair is odious and presumptuous, a confession of rash speculation. There was danger, too, lest if they did not gain their suit, they should be entirely alienated from the Senate. Therefore I came to the rescue and being successful in getting a full house on the Kalends of December and on the day following, I spoke at length about the necessity of upholding the dignity of the orders and of maintaining the coalition. My efforts were well received. Only one spoke in opposition to my view. Because of the shortness of the day the rollcall did not get to our hero Cato.

Accordingly, I am guarding my political programme, that is, the coalition of the better elements of society, as best I may; yet since things are so shaky, a certain road is being paved, as I hope, for the protection and maintenance of my position. What this is I cannot explain in a letter. Nevertheless I can give you a hint. I am on the best of terms with Pompey. I see you lift your eyebrows at this. I shall be on my guard against all eventualities and write you more fully at another time about my political plans.

*Troubles Enough*XIII. (*Att.* I. 18)

To ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, 20 *January*, B.C. 60

Be assured that I am in need of nothing so much as a man with whom I can talk over all my troubles: a man of affection, a man of wisdom with whom I need feign, dissemble, or hide nothing; for my most open-hearted brother is away and Consul Metellus is no real man, but as unsociable as the wilderness of sea and air. But you who have been my constant helper in times of anxiety; you who have been my associate in public life, my intimate in private life — where in the world are you? Accordingly, I am left in the lurch, so that all the relaxation I get is what comes from the time I spend with my wife, my darling daughter, and my charming son. My friendships of the Forum bring me honor, no doubt, but for all their fuss and feathers, no private pleasure; and so when my house has been well thronged at the morning reception and I have been escorted to the Forum by flocks of attending friends, out of the whole crowd I can find no one with whom I can joke freely and sigh familiarly. Therefore I am looking for you; I long for you; I call for you.

The events at Rome since your departure are such as to make you cry out that the constitution can no longer exist. The beginning of all this trouble was the Clodian drama. The state lay prostrate before a debauched and bribed verdict. Thus that year overthrew the two corner stones I had

laid for the constitution, for it broke down the prestige of the Senate and broke up the coalition of the orders.

There is now upon us another fine year. A certain tribune is trying to get Clodius transferred to the plebs. I gave him my usual reception in the Senate, but no one is so dense as he. Metellus is doing well as consul, but has weakened his position by abetting the plan of Clodius to be made a plebeian. The other consul has the mind of a common soldier. There is nobody that has any political sense. Pompey gazes in silent admiration at his own little toga. Crassus by keeping mum risks making no slip. As for the rest of the *Optimates*, you know them. They are so stupid as to suppose that their own fishponds can be unharmed even though the constitution go to pot. Then there is Cato; but he, in my opinion, stands for consistency and integrity more than wit and wisdom; for lo! these three months he keeps worrying his best friends, the unlucky tax-farmers, and prevents the Senate from giving them an answer. Now you see on what a sea of troubles we are tossed. Therefore let me see you as soon as possible.

‘*It’s an Ill Wind —*’

XIV. (*Att.* II. 17)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMLÆ, May, B.C. 59

I agree with you. Sampsiceramus* (Pompey) is running amuck. There is nothing that we may not expect; it is a revolution now that he is planning; for what else can be the

meaning of his marrying Cæsar's daughter, this putting through of the land laws, this extravagant appropriation of the public funds? O ye gods! Still the light vein of vanity and self-esteem that I have — it is a fine thing to recognize one's faults — takes some satisfaction in the situation, for I used to be peeved over the thought that in six hundred years Sampsiceramus'* services to the state might put mine in the shade. Now I am relieved of all such anxiety. For he has fallen lower than the meanest of Catiline's crew. More about this when we meet.

Please ferret from Theophanes how Arabarches* (Pompey) is disposed toward me. From his talk we shall be able to get an inkling as to how affairs as a whole stand.

* Pompey liked to brag about his Eastern exploits, which had brought many a petty potentate into his power; hence these nicknames, that Cicero employed much in the way we use 'Sheik' or 'Nabob.'

The Old and the New Pompey

XV. (*Att.* II. 21)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, (after) 25 July, B.C. 59

Why should I write of the political situation in detail? Everything has gone to the dogs. The triumvirs have suddenly become so unpopular that I shudder at how far things may go. That friend of ours (Pompey), once unaccustomed to being in disgrace, always a subject of laudation, abounding in glory, now disfigured in body, broken in spirit, knows not whither to betake himself. He sees that to go forward is dangerous; to return is capricious. He has made enemies

of the *Optimates*; he has failed to make friends of the *Populares*. Behold an example of my tender disposition. I could not restrain my tears when I saw him of late addressing the people concerning the proclamations of Bibulus. Wont to put on great airs in that place, loved mightily of all the people, applauded by all, how lowly did he then appear, how downcast, how little did he please any one, himself included! O sorry sight! As Apelles would feel great sorrow if he should see his Venus smeared with mud, I grieved to see the unseemly estate of him whom I was wont to paint with all the power of my art.

IN THE TOILS

Meanwhile the net is closing in on Cicero. His unlucky smashing of Clodius' alibi at the trial for sacrilege inflamed that firebrand into an all consuming desire for revenge. In the letters of the following months we trace the steps of Cicero's downfall: Clodius' acquittal, his adoption as a plebeian, his election as tribune, his championing of the people, his open threats to undo Cicero. Nothing could save the father of his country but a *rapprochement* with the triumvirs. They had need of his matchless voice in their plan to subvert the constitution; hence they offered to take him in with them. The temptation was great, but to his everlasting credit he withstood it. This was the first of the three great choices that Cicero had to make, and in them all he followed the gleam.

*A Great Temptation*XVI. (*Att.* II. 3)

To ATTICUS (on way to Rome)

ANTIUM, *December*, B.C. 60

You find fault with my windows for being so narrow; know you that in doing so you are criticising my architect. When I made the same remark to him, he replied that the view of gardens from large windows is not so charming (as from small).

I come now to the month of January when I must make up my mind as to what line of political action I must follow. I must vigorously resist the land law (Cæsar's), or I must remain neutral, or I must give it my support — a course that Cæsar, as it is said, confidently expects of me; for Cornelius, Balbus I mean, Cæsar's intimate, has been to see me. He assures me that in all matters Cæsar would make use of Pompey's advice and mine, and that he will bring Pompey and Crassus together. Here are the considerations that make for my supporting the law: complete harmony with Pompey; with Cæsar too if I but wish; a return to favor with my enemies; peace with the proletariat; peace and quiet for my old age.

But in the closing verses of the third book of my poem on my consulate Calliope bids me halt:

"Meanwhile keep to the course that you have followed with courage and spirit from early youth and in your consulship, and let your reputation and your fame increase among all patriots." Since she has enjoined on me this pre-

cept, I must surely conclude: "That of all omens the best is the one that calls to the rescue of the fatherland."

Still we shall reserve the final decision for our strolls at the Compitalia. Be sure to arrive the day before the festival. I shall order the bath heated. Terentia (Cicero's wife) invites Pomponia (Atticus' sister and Cicero's sister-in-law). Your mother is included in the invitation. From my brother's library bring me Theophrastus' *De Ambitione*.

*A Danger Signal**

XVII. (*Att.* II. 9)

To ATTICUS (in Rome)

ANTIUM, *April* (middle), B.C. 59

Having suddenly been informed by Cæcilius that he is dispatching a servant to Rome, I am hurriedly writing this note that I may elicit word from you about those wonderful arguments you were going to have with Clodius about me, not only those of which you write but also those that you do not report on the pretext that it would be tedious to give your reply in detail; also the one that has not yet come off, the one you are to have with Clodia, the ox-eyed, (sister of Clodius and sweetheart of Catullus). If Clodius does not keep his promise (to Pompey not to harm Cicero) I shall be quite set up to have this Jerusalemite plebeianizer* (Pompey) of Clodius find out what a return he has made for all my fine speeches in his behalf; look for me, therefore, to make a worthy recantation of them.

* Clodius' adoption into the Plebs was the first step in his plan to encompass Cicero's ruin.

*Another Signal**XVIII. (*Att.* II. 12)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

THE THREE TAVERNS

19 April, B.C. 59

Barely had I got out of Antium into the Appian highway at the Three Taverns (where Saint Paul was met by the brethren from Rome) when Curio just from Rome ran into me. At the very same moment your servant met me with letters.

Curio asked me if I had heard the news. I said "no." "Clodius," he replied, "is a candidate for the tribuneship.* He announces himself as a bitter opponent of Cæsar, promising to annul all of the latter's acts." "What says Cæsar?" I asked. "He says he had nothing to do with Clodius' having been made a plebeian."

Taking leave of the young man (Curio), I turned eagerly to your letters. Where are those who talk about the living voice? I learned far more from your written page about what is going on than from Curio's talk — more about the gossip of the day, the designs of Clodius, Clodia's cry "to arms," their chief henchman and his gangs. How eager I am to hear about that fashionable banquet you are to have with Clodia! I am all on pins and needles, yet I readily acquiesce in your not writing of your tête à tête with her, for I prefer to hear by word of mouth.

* Clodius' second step in his plan to ruin Cicero was to gain the tribuneship.

*Help!*XIX. (*Att.* II. 23)

To ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, (after) 25 *July*, B.C. 59

Never before, I fancy, have you read a letter of mine except in my own handwriting; therefore you know how busy I am.

First, I would have you know that our friend Sampsicceramus regrets exceedingly his present estate; sometimes he frankly would find a way out; but I think that none can be found.

Oxeye's brother (Clodius) hurls alarming threats at me. He tells Sampsicceramus (Pompey) he is not, but to others he openly avows his intentions. Therefore, if you love me as much as you surely do, if you are asleep, arouse yourself; if you are standing, start; if you have started, run; if you are running, fly hither. It is inconceivable how much I depend on your advice and wisdom, on your love and fidelity.

IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

This cry for succour was no false alarm. No sooner had Clodius attained to the tribuneship than he launched his attack on Cicero. The triumvirs, who were glad to crush the man they could not use, refused to intervene for Cicero's defense. Clodius first put through a bill condemning in general those who had executed citizens illegally. Later near the end of March he passed another measure which named Cicero in particular. At the threat of the former bill

Cicero had slipped out of Rome and at the menace of the latter he left Italy, for by the provisions of the law any one could kill him on sight within five hundred miles of the city. Concomitant with his flight, his residences at Tusculum, Formiæ, and in the city were razed and the site of the last dedicated to Liberty.

Of the year and a half of his exile Cicero spent the first six months at Saloniki and the following year at Dyrrazzo. This period of relegation was a time of misery. The temperamental Cicero was distracted by the thought of his wrongs almost to the verge of collapse. When he was not mute from despair, he wrote letters in which he peevishly charged Atticus and his other friends with being responsible for his downfall, in which he dolefully commiserated his family on their sorry plight, and in which he futilely discussed the efforts to bring about his recall. The self-sufficient among us, never having been trapped in Doubting Castle, lament this weakness in Cicero's nature; the rest, catching a glimpse of Giant Despair in the mirror of our own souls, judge our hero more leniently.

In Exile

XX. (*Fam.* XIV. 4)

To his FAMILY (in Rome)

BRUNDISIUM, 29 *April*, B.C. 58

I write you less often than I might because when I am reading your letters or writing you, I am so completely overcome with tears that I cannot bear up. Would that I

had not been so eager to live ! I should have seen little or no sorrow in my life. If fortune has saved me in the hope that some day I may rehabilitate my estate, I made no mistake (in not committing suicide) ; but if my troubles are past mending, I long to see you and to die in your embrace, since neither the gods whom you have cherished so piously nor men whom I have served so continually have proved grateful.

I am setting out from Brundisium to-day. I am making for Cyzicus. O how wretched I am ! How cast down ! Why should I ask you to come to me, you a woman sick, weak of body and of mind ? Shall I not ask you ? Yes, I shall adopt the following policy : if there is any chance for my recall, you by staying will help things along ; but if, as I fear, everything is all over, see that you exhaust every means of coming to me. Know this one thing ; if I shall have you with me, I shall not appear as being utterly undone. But what will become of little Tullia ? You will have to look out for her prospects, for all judgment fails me. In every possible way we must maintain the poor girl's standing with her husband and in society. Again, what will my son do ? I would have him always in my embrace. I can write no more ; grief prevents. How you have fared I know not ; whether you have anything left or whether you have been entirely despoiled.

You urge me to be of good cheer and to hope for a recall. I wish there were grounds for such optimism. Now

44 LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN

alas, when shall I receive any more of your letters? Who will bring them? For the future, Terentia, bear up as best you may; I have lived; I have had my day; I have been without fault except that I did not put an end to my life when my downfall came. Take the greatest possible care of your health and be persuaded that I am more distressed over your situation than I am over mine. My Terentia, my most faithful and excellent wife, and my dearest little daughter, and the stay of my life, my son, farewell.

Regrets

XXI. (Q. Fr. I. 4)

To his brother QUINTUS

THESSALONICA, *August*, B.C. 58

I pray you, my brother, if you and all my family have been ruined through no fault of yours, not to blame me for a criminal lack of integrity so much as a woeful lack of prudence. The only sin I committed was in trusting those who could, as I thought, no more play me false than commit an act of impiety or those who would, as I supposed, never find it to their interest to desert me. My closest, nearest, and dearest friends feared for themselves or envied me; hence nothing failed me, alack! but the loyalty of my friends and due caution on my part.

Upon the advice of Atticus, Sestius, and Piso I am still at Thessalonica, for in expectancy of some political disturbance they would have me go no further. But it is their word rather than any hope of mine that makes me await the out-

come. For what can I expect when my bitterest enemy is all powerful, when my detractors (the triumvirs) are in the saddle, when my friends are unfaithful and nearly everybody jealous. Of the new tribunes Sestius is thoroughly devoted to me as are, I hope, Curius, Milo, Fadius, and Fabricius. But Clodius will oppose them vigorously; with his old rowdies even when he has returned to private life, will he disturb the assemblies, and another tribune will be found to veto action.

This is not the prospect that was held out to me when I left but that within three days I should reënter the city in triumph. "Why then did you go?" you will say. Many circumstances conspired to confound me: Pompey's leaving me in the lurch, the estrangement of the consuls and the prætors, the hesitating attitude of the tax-farmers, the fighting. If it had not been for the tears of my family, I should have committed suicide, which would have been a fitting action if one would conserve one's dignity or escape intolerable suffering. Still I shall live as long as by living I can be aught of service to you or assure aught of hope to myself.

CHAPTER II

MENDING POLITICAL FENCES

INTRODUCTION

THIS chapter of Cicero's correspondence covers the time from his recall in August, B.C. 57, to his appointment to his province, March, B.C. 51. How his recall was accomplished has been set forth on page three.

Cicero's reception on his return from exile was such as to lead him to hope that he had completely recovered his standing in the state. His progress from Brindisi to Rome was royal, his homecoming triumphal. He was doomed, however, to disappointment; no sooner had he pronounced his oration of thanks in the Senate than the *Optimates* began to haggle over the restitution of his property and his old enemy Clodius began to bait him at every turn. Upon Cicero's very first attempt at political independence, the triumvirs sat on his case at Luca, and Pompey was commissioned to give Quintus a gentle reminder of his promise that his brother would be "good." Realizing, therefore, that he could place no dependence on the *Optimates*, Cicero became more and more friendly with the triumvirs. He frequently represented their interests before the courts and in the Senate. He was led to this course of action by the courteous way with which Cæsar treated him and by the fact that Quintus had gone into service with Cæsar in Gaul. The

letter to Lentulus (XXVI) is a masterful apology for Cicero's course at this time.

With his estrangement from politics Cicero turned more and more to literary pursuits; hence this period gives us such beautiful letters as those to Gallus (XXXVIII) and Marius (XL), and such great books as the *De Oratore* and the *De Re Publica*. Repeatedly does Cicero protest his fondness for things literary and for the society of literary gentlemen.

Turning from things private to things public, we find the state headed for the shoals of dissolution. The parties and interests at Rome had become past masters at blocking their opponents. The *Populares* would halt a measure through the veto of a tribune; the *Optimates* through their control of the Augural College would counter by appealing to some sign from heaven. Bribery was rampant and both sides browbeat their opponents with organized gangs of ruffians. The government had ceased to function and was rapidly ripening to be plucked by the waiting hand of Cæsar.

Pen pictures abound throughout the letters of this period: there is Pompey, the sphinx; Marius, the valetudinarian recluse; Sestius, a gruff old codger; Trebatius, a soldier of fortune; Clodius, the firebrand; his counterpart Milo who slew him at the "battle of Bovilla" in January, B.C. 52; Curio, one of Cicero's protégés, who turned out badly; and Cæsar, no less the courteous diplomat than the imperious soldier.

The most important events of these years were the conference of Pompey and Cæsar at Luca in B.C. 56; the settling in 55 of the provincial assignments for the next five years — Pompey, Spain; Crassus, Syria; and Cæsar, Gaul for an additional quinquennium. The same year Pompey opened his new theatre with shows of great magnificence. In the next year Cæsar made his first expedition into Britain; and the death of Julia, Pompey's wife and Cæsar's daughter, boded ill for the future of the triumvirate. In 53 the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians gave another blow to the coalition; Cæsar was hard-pressed in Gaul. This was the year of the famous siege of Quintus. In the following year Clodius was killed in a brawl with Milo.

A POLITICAL STALEMATE

The following letters are vivid accounts of what went on during the transitional period when the constitution of Rome was being transformed from a close corporation of "first families" to a military dictatorship. To understand the situation the reader must call to mind that the Roman state was made up of two parts — the Senate and the Roman People, the S.P.Q.R. of history. During the lapse of centuries the statesmen of Rome had worked out her much lauded system of checks and balances. There were two consuls to restrain each other; tribunes to check the consuls; a system of auspices to block any political action whatsoever. Thus signs from heaven played a great part

in the politics of the day. If the sacred chickens would not eat, if the organs of a sacrificial victim looked queer, if birds were seen in the wrong quarter of the sky, the proper authorities would issue what is practically equivalent to our injunction; hence in the play and counterplay of political struggle the augural college had the last word. Who, therefore, controlled the augurs were the real masters of Rome. Public officials, too, could take the auspices; so that this prerogative became a most powerful instrument of filibustering. The contest in the fourth century before Christ to democratize the constitution ended without popularizing this last link in the chain of political checks. Religion remained the last stronghold of vested privilege.

A constitution of the type of Rome is beautiful in theory; but it has two flaws. When worked out to a finish, such a system is likely to end in an *impasse*, a Gordian knot which can be cut only by the sword of a dictator; furthermore, it puts on society the seal of Bourbonism which looks to the past (not to the future), for its cues of political policy. Such a situation manifests itself in the filibustering, bribery, violence, and abuse of the augural privilege which run riot in the letters of this period.

"Fighting the Devil with Fire"

Epistle XXII opens with the squabbles that attended the attempt of Cicero's friends to make due restitution to him upon his return from exile.

XXII. (*Att.* IV. 3)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, 24 *November*, B.C. 57

The third of November the carpenters were driven from my place on the Palatine by a gang of armed men; the portico of Catulus, which was being rebuilt under contract according to the decree of the Senate was demolished. Quintus' house first was damaged by a shower of stones from my lot and then was set on fire by order of Clodius while the city looked on amid a hurling of firebrands, with loud lamenting and groaning on the part, I shall not say of the *Optimates* whose race seems extinct, but of all men.

Clodius is running amuck; since this mad escapade he thinks only of killing his enemies; he stalks around the streets; he makes the slaves open promises of freedom. On the eleventh of the month, when I was walking down the Sacred Way, he fell upon me with his gang. Outcry, stones, staves, swords, all unexpectedly!!! I slipped away into the vestibule of Damio's house. My attendants easily prevented Clodius' thugs from entering. They could have killed him; but I am going on a diet, being tired of surgery.

On the twelfth Clodius made so vigorous an attempt to storm and fire the house Milo has on the Cermalus that in broad daylight at eleven o'clock he brought up men, some with shields and drawn swords, others with burning brands. He had previously seized Sulla's house as a fort from which to attack Milo's. Then Quintus Flaccus led forth from another of Milo's houses some sturdy fellows with whom he

slew the best known of Clodius' gang. He tried to kill Clodius himself, but the fellow escaped by slipping away into the interior of Sulla's house.

The Senate convened the fourteenth; Clodius remained at home; Marcellinus distinguished himself; everybody was for action. Metellus, Clodius' cousin, led a filibuster, backed up by Clodius' brother Appius and also, by my faith, by your particular friend Hortensius, concerning whose steadfastness you keep certifying; Sestius was in a rage. Later Clodius made threats against the city in case his election should be put off. Marcellinus brought forth a written resolution to the effect that the Senate should take up the case of Clodius and his attack on my home-site and my person and that it should investigate his setting of fires and that the trial should be held before the elections came off (otherwise Clodius might escape conviction by being elected *ædile* — the office for which he was a candidate). Milo announced that he would keep an eye on the heavens during all the days on which elections could be held. Metellus addressed the people boisterously, Appius indiscreetly, and Clodius furiously. This was the sum of the whole matter that, if Milo did not announce unfavorable omens from the heavens, the elections would come off; and so on the nineteenth before midnight he went with a large following to the Campus (where the elections were held). Though Clodius had a choice levy of runaway slaves, he dared not enter the place. Milo remained

there until noon amid great rejoicing and greater praise; and so all the effort of the three kinsmen ended in disgrace, their strength in collapse, their madness in contempt.

Metellus, however, told Milo that he would have to do the job all over again and that, too, the next day in the Forum; that there was no need of his going to the election-field, for he (Metellus) would hold the election himself in the Comitium. Milo on the twentieth while it was yet night entered the Comitium; but Metellus by roundabout ways was sneaking to the Campus; Milo overtook the fellow in the "woods" and by serving notice of having seen a sign blocked the election. Metellus took himself off amid the loud and humiliating taunts of Q. Flaccus. The twenty-first was market day; there were no assemblies for two days. On the twenty-third I am writing this letter at three o'clock in the morning. Milo is already holding the Campus. Marcellus, the candidate, is snoring so loudly that I can hear him in the next house. Word is brought me that the entrance to Clodius' house is practically empty with the exception of a few ragged villains and a canvas lantern. Clodius and his crowd complain that I am responsible for what is going on; for they do not know how much spirit, how much sense that hero (Milo) has. He is wonderfully brave.

To sum up the situation, the election will not be held; Clodius, unless he be killed first, will be brought to trial by Milo; if Clodius exposes himself to Milo in a crowd, Milo, I think, will kill him (a true prophecy).

*A Filibuster*XXIII. (2. *Fr.* II. 3)

To QUINTUS (in Sardinia)

ROME, 12 *February*, B.C. 56

On the seventh of February Milo appeared for trial. Pompey spoke, or rather wished to do so. As he arose, the gangs of Clodius set up an outcry and kept it up throughout the whole speech, hindering him not only by clamor but also by abuse and insults. When he finished—for he rose to the occasion, did not flinch, had his say out sometimes even in silence, and concluded impressively—when he finished, I say, Clodius took the floor. Our side raised such a din—for we had decided to repay the compliment—that he lost his self-possession, stammered, and grew pale. This went on from noon, when Pompey finished, until two. All the while all sorts of abuse and even ribald rhymes associating the names of Clodius and his sister were uttered.

Pale with rage, in the midst of the confusion he asked his claquers “Who is it that is starving the people?” His ruffians answered “Pompey.” “Who wanted to go to Alexandria to settle the succession to the throne of Egypt?” They replied “Pompey.” “Whom would they send?” They replied “Crassus.” At three o’clock as if by a given signal the followers of Clodius began to spit at ours. Indignation blazed up. They began to rush us. Ours charged. His fled. Clodius was driven from the platform. I, too, fled lest something might happen in the mob.

I am inditing this epistle on the twelfth of February before dawn. To-day I dine with Atticus at his wedding. Take care of yourself and remember that, although this is the healthy season, it is Sardinia where you are.

Bribery

XXIV. (*Att.* IV. 15)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

ROME, *July*, B.C. 54

You write that you long to hear from me. I have dispatched you letters on many subjects with everything written out in the fashion of a diary; but since it is likely that you have only just arrived in Epirus, they no doubt have not yet been delivered.

Hear now the news from Rome. On the fourth of July Sufenas and C. Cato were acquitted on a charge of bribery; Procillus, convicted of parricide. From these actions it can be judged that our long-faced moralists of the courts care not a fig for bribery, political corruption, administrative breakdown, and offences against the state, nay even the very commonwealth itself. They frowned upon a father's being murdered in his own house; not very decisively, however, for twenty-two voted for the acquittal of the defendant, twenty-nine for his conviction. This result was due, no doubt, to Publius (Clodius), who on the part of the prosecution had made a deep impression on the jury in a very eloquent peroration. Hortensius conducted him

self as usual. Not a word from me; for Tullia, who is not well, feared lest I offend Publius.

On the ninth I went to the show. I was received with mighty and well-sustained applause—but this won't interest you; I was silly to mention it. I went to see the actor, Antiphon. He had been set free by his master just before the performance. Not to keep you in suspense, his acting made a hit; but to tell the truth, I never saw anyone so insignificant in body, voice, or—you had better keep these criticisms to yourself. You will now be asking about Arbuscula. She gave great delight. The games were magnificent and were well-received.

Follow me now into the political arena. Bribery is rife. Mark you the proof. On the fifteenth the interest rate doubled. Being a money lender, you will say, "That does not annoy me." What a man! What a citizen! The interests of Cæsar are backing Memmius for the consulship. The present consuls have joined him and Domitius in a compact the terms of which I do not dare to entrust to a letter. Pompey frets and complains. He favors Scaurus; whether really or with a mental reservation is uncertain. None of the candidates is of outstanding position. Money has put them all on a level. The canvass of Messala lags; he does not lack spirit or friends, but he is opposed by Pompey and the coalition of consuls. I think that the elections will be postponed. The candidates for the tribunate have sworn to conduct their canvass with Cato as arbiter.

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They have each deposited 500,000 sesterces (\$20,000) with him. If anyone be condemned by Cato, his deposit is to be forfeited to the other candidates. I am writing this letter the day before the elections are generally supposed to be held. If they turn out to be free from bribery, Cato will have availed more than all the laws and all the courts.

From the letters of Quintus I suppose that by now he is in Britain. I am very anxious to hear how it goes with him. There are many decisive indications by which I judge that I am very dear and acceptable to Cæsar.

CASTING AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD

The upshot of all the political turmoil recounted in the preceding letters was that the first triumvirate was renewed; and the outcome of the haggling over Cicero's property, that he was driven into the arms of the triumvirs. Hence we find him making up with Crassus, hobnobbing with Pompey, and getting jobs with Cæsar in Gaul for his brother and his other friends.

A Reconciliation

XXV. (*Fam. V. 8*)

TO CRASSUS (on his way to Syria)

ROME, *January*, B.C. 54

How much zeal I displayed the other day in defending and magnifying your official position no doubt all your friends have written you; for my action was not insignificant, unnoticeable, nor of the sort that could be ignored.

In a fight to a finish with the consuls and numerous ex-consuls I surpassed all my previous efforts. I undertook without ceasing, to defend your official prerogatives, and repaid with interest all the obligations long due our former relationship but broken off through the vicissitudes of circumstance.

The fact is that I never lacked the will to cherish and honor you, but certain pestiferous fellows, jealous of another's glory, interfered with our mutual regard for each other. But there arose an occasion, more to be dreamed of, not hoped for, when in the midst of your great prosperity I might show how well I remembered our former affection and how strongly I believe in our present friendliness; for I have brought it about that not only your whole household but also the whole world knows of my great friendship for you. By reason of this fact, that most eminent lady, your wife, and those paragons of piety, virtue, and courtesy, your sons, rely on my plans, counsels, efforts, and acts. The Senate and the Roman People understand that nothing will turn out so certain for you in your absence as my backing in matters that concern you. Letters from home, no doubt, have informed you what action took place and what question was under consideration.

As for my part in the proceedings, I would have you be persuaded that not from any sudden and fortuitous whim did I stumble on the task of magnifying your prerogatives but that immediately upon my entry into public

life I always had in mind the possibility of being on the best of terms with you. Ever since, never, as I remember, have I failed in deference to you nor you in good will and generosity toward me. If there has befallen anything to mar our traditional friendship—anything, due not to real causes but mere suspicion—let this, based as it is on false and imaginary grounds, be plucked entirely from our minds and memories; for you and, as I pray, I are such men as to hope that, since it is our lot to be in politics at the same time, we may be generally believed to be on most intimate terms with each other. Accordingly your own judgment will lead you to determine in consideration for my standing in the state how much regard you should have for me; as for me, you may rely on my unremitting zeal in all that pertains to your honor and position. If many vie with me in this matter, I shall leave it to all the world and especially to your two sons as witnesses if I don't outstrip all my competitors. I am very fond of your sons, loving both equally with this qualification, however, that I am especially devoted to Publius* because, although from early boyhood he has shown a great liking for me, yet he now honors and respects me as a second father.

I would have you regard this letter as having the force not of an epistle but of a covenant binding me to maintain most faithfully and carry out most carefully all my promises and assurances to you; therefore on all matters—be they

* The P. Crassus of Cæsar's *Gallie Wars*.

trivial, important, or indifferent—I would have you write me in person as to your best friend, and I would have you bid the members of your family in all affairs, public and private, forensic and domestic—be they yours, your friends', family friends', or clients'—so to avail themselves of my help, counsel, standing, and influence that as far as possible their longing for you may be assuaged by my exertions.

An Apology

There were three times in Cicero's life when he had to make great decisions; when in B.C. 58 he would not join the triumvirs even to save himself from Clodius; when in B.C. 49 he chose Pompey rather than Cæsar; when in B.C. 44 he deliberately dared Antony to mortal combat and went down with the Republic to final destruction. Just so there were three compromises he had to make: when after his return from exile he quit fighting the triumvirs; when after the downfall of Pompey he made his peace with Cæsar; when after the death of Cæsar he chose to work with young Octavian. Each of these occasions called forth a letter of apology, of which the following is the first. It is an able summary of the situation that forced Cicero out of public life.

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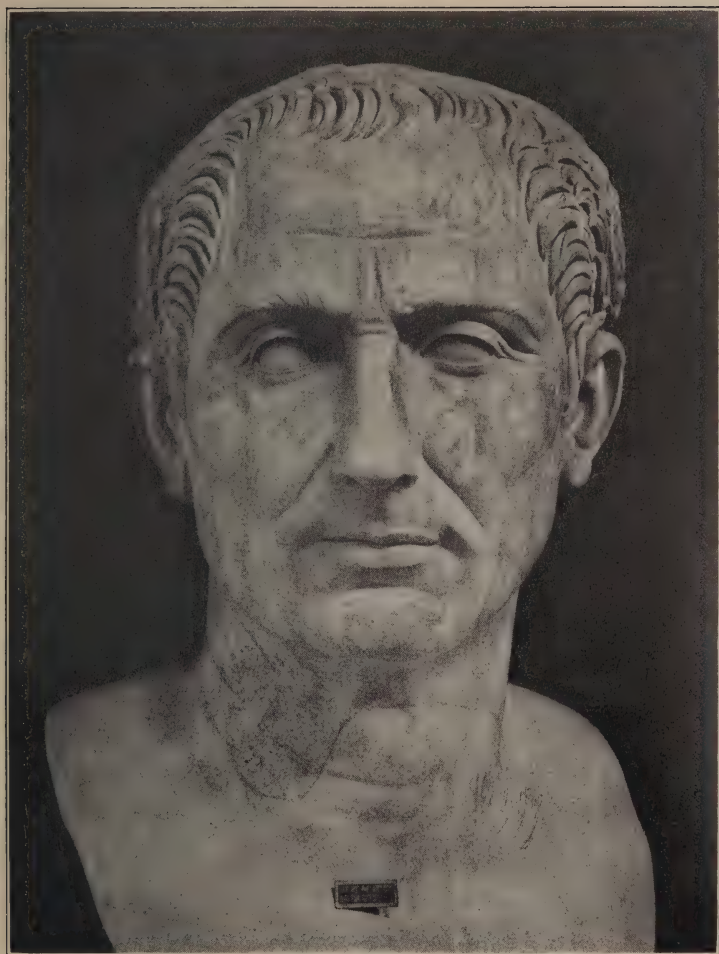
XXVI. (*Fam.* I. 9)

TO LENTULUS (in Cilicia)

ROME, October, B.C. 54

You write that you should like to know what has induced me to defend and to praise Vatinius (and Crassus). To make my answer clearer, I must go at length into the motives underlying my course of action for some time past.

When, thanks to your efforts, I was recalled from exile, I supposed that I was being returned not only to my family but also to the service of the state. I held to this opinion notwithstanding the fact that the *Optimates* (whom I had so loyally supported) failed me in getting my property back and in protecting me from the violence of Clodius. Therefore I made a motion that the question of the Campanian lands be taken up in the Senate on the fifteenth of May. Pompey seemed to take no umbrage at the action. Soon thereafter he set out for Africa via Sardinia; on the way he had a conference with Cæsar at Luca. To him Cæsar voiced many complaints at my motion, stirred up, no doubt, against me by Crassus, whom he had seen at Ravenna. Pompey, too, to judge from what I heard from others, especially from my brother, was greatly put out with me. When he had met Quintus in Sardinia a few days after he had left Luca, he said, "We are well met; nothing could have happened more fortunately. Unless you can bring your brother Marcus to account, you will have to forfeit the bail you put up to secure his fidelity to us (the triumvirs)." To cut a long story short, he com-



JULIUS CÆSAR
The Bust in the National Museum, Naples

plained bitterly; he brought up his own services; he mentioned the promises Quintus had made for me and called my brother to witness that what he had done in regard to my recall had been with Cæsar's consent. He asked Quintus to enlist my support of Cæsar's policy or, at least, that I should not oppose it if I could not or would not champion it.

When my brother had reported this conversation to me and Pompey had furthermore sent a messenger to me with the request that I postpone action on the Campanian question till his return, I bethought myself as to the course I should follow and I pleaded with the state, if I may so speak, that, having always shown myself a patriotic citizen, I might now do my duty as a man by carrying out the promises of my brother.

In addition to these facts is the further consideration that certain leaders of the party that I have always supported are showing their ill-will. They are in great glee that I am not satisfying Pompey and that I am likely to get in bad with Cæsar. I grieve much over their position in this matter but more so over their attitude toward my virulent enemy (Clodius). Mine shall I say? Nay, rather the enemy of the law, the courts, all leisure for culture, the fatherland, the established order—in fact they (the leaders mentioned above) so embrace him, fondle him, and kiss him in my very presence that they seem bent on arousing my indignation. Therefore, as far as lay within the scope of human reason, I took a survey of my circum-

stances and arrived at the following conclusion: If the state were in the hands of abandoned men, as has often been the case, under the compulsion of neither reward nor fear would I join the triumvirs, not even if they had been of signal service to me; but since the chief citizen of the state was that Pompey, who had arrived at his present position by reason of his remarkable services to the commonwealth, he whom I had always supported in and out of office, and since he had helped you to secure my recall and since he had treated my enemy, Clodius, as his, I thought I ought to risk the charge of inconstancy in some matters if I should change my position a little and should do what I could to further his interests.

In this decision I had to include Cæsar since he and Pompey are most closely associated in politics and have both risen to the highest position in the state. There also weighed much with me not only the friendship that my brother and I had with Cæsar but also his generosity and his courtesy that have been evidenced very much of late both in his letters and through his favors. I was greatly influenced also by the condition of public affairs which was such as to warn me against matching myself with the triumvirs, especially in view of Cæsar's remarkable exploits. But most weighty of all was the pledge that Pompey gave Cæsar for me and the one that my brother gave Pompey. The most malevolent critic, however, can rightly take exception to nothing I have done as a result of this

decision of mine; I merely have striven to fail neither friend nor stranger in help, advice, and personal endeavor. This policy offends those who see the splendor and show of a forensic life but fail to appreciate the worry and hard work involved therein. Moreover in no uncertain terms they accuse me of deserting the old cause when I praise Cæsar. But really that old cause is no more (for that famous coalition between the orders brought about by me with the overthrow of Catiline has gone to pieces). Hence I am imitating Plato who says that he kept out of politics because the Athenian state had become so senile as to be capable of being ruled not by persuasion but by force alone. Yet I rejoice that at one and the same time I can look out for my own interests and espouse the public welfare. Furthermore, I must mention Cæsar's almost divine generosity to me as well as toward my brother.

Now that I have made this explanation, it will be an easy matter to answer your questions in regard to Vatinius and Crassus. I was goaded to undertake the defense of Vatinius because my old friends, the *Optimates*, began to court my enemy, Clodius. In my very presence they would lead him aside for serious consultation; they would embrace him in familiar and joyous fashion. Therefore in taking for themselves their own Publius (Clodius) they were giving me another Publius (Vatinius), in whose person my own slight annoyance might repay them with a little of their own coin. So much for Vatinius.

Now for Crassus. Although I always felt the deepest sense of injustice over his actions (in bringing about my exile), yet I kept myself under control; but, when at the trial of Gabinius he attacked me, I let him know my real sentiments. This attitude of mine greatly rejoiced the ill-natured *Optimates*, who kept saying that our quarrel would prevent any full understanding between the triumvirs and me. When now this gossip reached my ears and Pompey bestirred himself as he rarely did in any matter to bring about a reconciliation between us and when Cæsar wrote me that he was greatly annoyed at our strife, I took account not only of my own interest but also of what was the natural thing to do. As a consequence Crassus, that he might notify the public of our reconciliation, set off for his province almost from my very hearthstone; for having asked himself to dinner, he dined with me in the gardens of my son-in-law Crassipes. Therefore, as my honor demanded and as Pompey strongly urged, I undertook to support Crassus and defended him in the Senate in the action which came to your notice.

I have explained to you the motives that led me to support the causes of Vatinius* and Crassus and I have set forth my position in the state. I would have you know that I should entertain the same opinions if I were entirely

* Later, when at the *débâcle* of the Republican cause under Pompey Cicero threw himself on the tender mercies of Cæsar, Vatinius richly repaid all that Cicero had done for him.

untrammelled; for, since I am allured to this course by the kindnesses of some and am forced to it by the injustice of others, I easily allow myself to feel and say what furthers not only my interests but also those of the state. I feel less hesitation about appearing in support of the triumvirs because my brother is a lieutenant with Cæsar and whatsoever favor I have asked of Cæsar has been received with such graciousness that I am under great obligation to him. I use as my own all his influence, which you see is very strong, and all his resources, which are very great; for I see no way that I could have thwarted the wiles of the disaffected except by adding the good will of the triumvirs to the backing I already had.

You ask for some of my recent compositions; hence I am sending you some of my speeches, not so many that you need to be alarmed at having to read them. At present I am putting aside the forensic style of composition and am betaking myself to more literary types, in which I am now especially interested just as I was in my early youth. I have written in the style of Aristotle,—such at least was my aim—a dialogue in three books “On the Orator.” I trust that it will be of service to your son Lentulus; for it parts company with the usual textbook on public speaking and utilizes the entire system of oratory as practiced by the ancients according to the precepts of Aristotle and Isocrates. I have also written a history of my public career in three books. I should have sent you a copy—for it is, and

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ever will be, a witness of your service to me and of my devotion to you — if I had thought it should be made public ; but I have not done so because I feared, not those whom I have attacked — my criticisms are few and gentle — but those whom it were too great a task to mention for their services to me. Nevertheless, if I find some one whom I dare trust, I will send you a copy. In the matter of my literary interests I defer entirely to you ; and whatever I can accomplish in the way of literary endeavor, in view of your zeal in such matters, I shall always submit most gladly to the test of your judgment.

HUNTING FORTUNES WITH CÆSAR

Students of Cæsar's *Gallic Wars* will remember the panic that befell his army over the thought of having to meet the troopers of Ariovistus. This panic began with inexperienced officers who had received appointments through favoritism. One of these young Romans who sought to make their fortunes in the Gallic campaigns was a budding lawyer by the name of Trebatius. Cicero sent him to Cæsar with a letter of introduction. It seems that the young fellow missed the excitements of city life and fretted under the slow progress he made in getting into the good graces of his commander-in-chief. In Cicero's letters we trace the successive steps of Trebatius' breaking in until the tenderfoot becomes a full-fledged Cæsarean. The references to British chariots and Gallic affairs will recall our high school days.

*A Letter of Introduction*XXVII. (*Fam.* VII. 5)

To CÆSAR (at the front)

ROME, *February* (?) B.C. 54

Behold a proof of how I have persuaded myself that you are my other half not only in the matters that concern me but also in those that concern my friends!

I had planned to take with me Caius Trebatius whithersoever I should go (as an attendant of Pompey) that on his return my young friend might have the greatest possible benefit of my affection and services; but, after Pompey kept postponing his departure and the uncertainty of Clodius' actions seemed either to prevent my leaving the city or to delay me, behold what I took upon myself! I began to wish that Trebatius should look to you rather than to me for the fulfilment of his expectations; and, by my faith, I promised him no less returns from your good will than I had been wont to promise from mine.

Meanwhile there befell a wonderful opportunity for a proof, as it were, of my belief or for a surety of your courtesy. One day at my house when our Balbus and I were carefully going into the case of Trebatius, a letter from you arrived. Its last word was: "I will make M——, whom you commend to me, king of Gaul or you may hand him over to my chief of engineers, if you wish, and send some one else whom I may honor." We both raised our hands in wonder; the coincidence was so great that it did not seem at all fortuitous but divine. Accordingly, I dis-

patch Trebatius to you, and that, too, feeling that such action is warranted not only by my original intention but also by your later invitation. May you, my Cæsar, receive him so kindly as to confer on him alone all the favors that you could be persuaded to bestow on any of my friends whatsoever. I guarantee him not in the commonplace phrase that you justly ridiculed when I wrote you concerning Milo but in the Roman manner as becomes a gentleman. I guarantee him not to fall behind anyone in probity, uprightness, and modesty. Besides, he is a lawyer at the top of his profession, a man of unusual memory, and of profound erudition. I do not ask that you make him a lieutenant, or a captain; nor do I stipulate any special favor. I merely bespeak your benevolent generosity, but I have no objection to your honoring him with these little marks of distinction if it so please you. I simply turn him over, so to speak, into the keeping of your victorious and protecting hand.

Pardon me if I am a bit tedious in my importunity, especially since you gave me the opening through your invitation. Take care of yourself and keep on loving me.

A Word of Advice

XXVIII. (*Fam.* VII. 7)

TO TREBATIUS (in Gaul)

ROME, *June*, B.C. 54

I commend you in my letters to Cæsar without ceasing and am anxious to hear from you the results. I am wont

to wonder that I don't receive as many letters from you as I do from Brother Quintus. I hear that in Britain there is neither gold nor silver. If that is so, I advise you to capture a war-chariot and race home to me as soon as possible; but if you can attain the object of your venture notwithstanding Britain, see to it that you become one of Cæsar's particular friends. To accomplish this my brother will avail much; but, believe me, modesty and hard work on your part will avail more. It is in your favor that you have a most liberal chief, that you are in the prime of life, and that you have unusual backing; hence you need fear only one thing, that you may fail yourself.

A Word of Cheer

XXIX. (*Fam.* VII. 8)

TO TREBATIUS (in Gaul)

ROME, *July*, B.C. 54

Cæsar writes most courteously that preoccupation has kept him from becoming very well acquainted with you but that he will do so. I replied that he would do me a great favor if he would treat you with as much courtesy, kindness, and liberality as possible. I have detected from your letters a certain overhasty impatience on your part; and yet I have wondered why you make light of a tribune's commission, especially since you are to be exempted from the hard work of the position. I shall often complain to your friends, V—— and M—— about you. To Cornelius, however, I dare say nought; for it is thanks to him that

you are such a blockhead since, as you claim, it is he from whom you have learned wisdom. I await your letters from Britain.

A Word of Commendation

XXX. (*Fam.* VII. 17)

TO TREBATIUS (in Gaul)

ROME, *October*, B.C. 54

To judge from your letter I should be very grateful to my brother Quintus and at length I can give you a share in my praise because you seem now to have reached a settled state of opinion ; for I was greatly disturbed by the early letters of your correspondence because at times, if I may be allowed the liberty, you seemed perverse in your longing for the city and its life, at times lazy, at times faint-hearted in performing a soldier's duty, but more often — a trait most alien to your nature — somewhat unreasonable. As if you had presented your chief with a letter of credit, not of introduction, you were for cashing it and hurrying home, forgetting all about those countrymen of yours who presented bills of exchange on Alexandria without being able to draw so much as a penny.

I am glad that you did not accompany Cæsar to Britain ; because you saved yourself the labor of the campaign and me the trouble of hearing you tell about it. Please write me where you are likely to winter and what is the situation at present and what is the prospect for the future.

*A Letter from Home*XXXI. (*Fam.* VII. 10)

To TREBATIUS (at Amiens)

ROME, *December*, B.C. 54

Upon reading your letter I find that Cæsar accounts you highly versed in the law. You should rejoice in having gone where you can enjoy some reputation for wisdom. Had you but gone to Britain, assuredly there would have been in that island no better lawyer than you.

In your letter you wrote me nothing about your affairs, which concern me no less than mine own. I greatly fear lest you may freeze fast in your winter quarters; wherefore I advise you to keep a good fire going. Your brothers of the legal persuasion join me in giving this opinion, especially as there is a shortage in military cloaks at the front; and yet I hear you are having a warm time out there (the uprising of the Gauls under Ambiorix). Upon receiving this message I feared for you exceedingly. This anxiety was, however, groundless; for, no matter how safe a counselor you are, you are a much safer campaigner since, fond though you are of the water, you did not cross the channel to Britain and would not have a look at the British chariots though at home you never miss seeing a penny circus.

But enough of joking. How diligently I have written Cæsar in your behalf you well know; how often, I. Let me know with what effect. At the same time inform me of your state and your plans. I long to know what you are doing, what you are expecting, how long you may be

away; for I would persuade you that my only solace for our separation is the surety that you will be the gainer thereby. If not, nothing can be more stupid for us; for me who do not draw you to Rome, for you who do not fly hither. One short meeting, whether grave or gay, will be worth more to us than all our foes to say nothing of our brothers, the Hædri. Therefore let me know everything as soon as possible that I may help you or comfort you and advise you.

A Bit of Irony

XXXII. (*Fam.* VII. 12)

TO TREBATIUS (in Gaul)

ROME, *February*, B.C. 53

I was wondering why your letters had ceased coming. Now I know. My friend Pansa tells me that you have joined the Epicureans. What a wonderful military camp yours must be! What would have happened if I had sent you to some such place of luxury as Tarentum instead of to Amiens?

I was fearing for you when you took up with the Academicians, (but now what shall I say?) for how will you defend the civil law when you hold that you do everything for your own welfare, not for that of your fellow citizens? What will become of the legal phrase, "in good faith," for who is good who acts only for himself? How will you take part in an action involving a partnership when there can be no partnership between those who measure all

things by their own pleasure? How in a land suit can you swear by "Jove of the boundary stones" when you know that he never gets angry at anyone? Therefore, if you have apostatized completely, I am vexed; if, however, you are merely humoring Pansa, I forgive you. Only write me sometime what you are doing and what you would have me do for you.

A Touch of Humor

XXXIII. (*Fam.* VII. 15)

TO TREBATIUS (in Gaul)

ROME, *June* (?), B.C. 53

How perverse lovers are can be seen from this: I bore it ill when it irked you to stay in Gaul; now I am mortified when you write that you are glad to be there. I was annoyed that you were not pleased with my advice to go to the front, and now I am jealous that you can be pleased with anything when I am absent. Still I prefer to put up with our separation than that you should fail to attain your expectations.

COURTING THE MUSES

Cicero's enforced retirement from political life left him time not only to write encouraging letters to his fortune hunting friends but also to do some really literary work. This interest manifests itself in his letters: to Quintus, who is soldiering with Cæsar in Britain; to his publisher, Atticus, who has been giving advice on literary details; to

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Curio, with whom he discusses the characteristics of a good letter ; and to Gallus, Marius, and Memmius, each of whom he favors with a sample of his epistolary art at its best.

On Divers Matters

This letter to Quintus lets us into what the folk at home were thinking while Cæsar was chasing *wild geese* in Britain.

XXXIV. (Q. Fr. II. 15)

TO QUINTUS (in Gaul)
ROME, *August*, B.C. 54

When you receive letters from me done in the handwriting of a clerk, know you that I have no leisure ; when in mine, a little. The fact is that I have never been any busier with cases and trials and that, too, at the worst season of the year and in the hottest weather ; but, since such is your behest, I must hold on nor allow myself to fail your hopes and plans ; for, even though the task is a difficult one, I am to get great favor and honor thereby. Accordingly, as you desire, I am taking pains to offend no one and to be esteemed by those who take it ill that Cæsar and I are getting on and to be cherished and loved by the neutrals and also by Cæsar's adherents ; therefore, although for many days there has been going on a violent discussion in the Senate about political corruption, I have not been present. I have determined to prescribe no medicine to

the state without good backing. This afternoon I am to appear in court for Vatinius. An easy task!!

Now I come to what I should probably have put first. How delightful is your letter from Britain! I was fearing the ocean; I was dreading the coast of the island. I, of course, do not make light of what you still have to do; but my hopes outweigh my fears. My anxiety was due to apprehension rather than to dread.

What wonderful material you have for a book! What situations in place and action! What customs, races, battles! What a general! Yes, I will help you (in Quintus' literary endeavors), and I enclose the verse you ask for, although doing so is like sending owls to Athens; for alas! as a poet I seem to be put in the shade by you. What impression has my poem made on Cæsar? He has written me that he has read the first book; he thinks he has never seen any better Greek than the earlier portions; but that the rest up to a certain point is somewhat careless. This is the word he uses. Tell me truly, is it the subject matter or the style that displeases him? You need not fear to tell the truth; I shall love you not a whit less.

Concerning Lucretius

XXXV. (2. *Fr.* II. 9)

TO QUINTUS (out of Town)

ROME, *February*, B.C. 54

You are right in characterizing the poem of Lucretius as being a work of great brilliancy of intellect and of much

art withal. But more on this topic when you come. If you manage to wade through Sallust's *Empedocles*, I shall count you a hero, no mere man.

On Dialogue-Making

XXXVI. (*Att.* IV. 16)

TO ATTICUS (in the East)

ROME, *July*, B.C. 54

How busy I am may be seen from the fact that I have dictated this letter. As regards your regularity as a correspondent I have no fault to find; but generally, all that your letters tell is where you are; hence they have delighted me not so much from their richness of content as from their frequency of arrival.

But to other matters. It shall be with Varro as you suggest. I will put him in my book "On the State" if I can only find a place for him; but you know how my dialogues are handled. As in my treatise "On the Orator" the disputants mention no one with whom they are acquainted or about whom they have not heard, so in my *De Re Publica* I have for my chief speakers Africanus, Philus, Lælius, and Manilius. I have associated with them the young men, Q. Tubero, P. Rutilius, and Lælius' two sons-in-law, Scævola and Fannius. Since I make use, however, of introductions to the several books of the treatise, just as Aristotle does in those dialogues which he styles "popular," I am planning how I may be warranted in calling in your friend Varro; for I know that you would be pleased with

this. May I be successful. The undertaking, as you are well aware, is a difficult one, particularly making more demands on my time than I can well allow.

You write that you miss the character of Scævola in certain of the books of my *Republic*, which you otherwise praise. Not without cause did I drop him; but I followed the example of that god of ours, Plato, in his *Republic*; for when Socrates had gone to the Piræus to call upon Cephalus, a rich and a playful old gentleman, during the first conversation the old man takes part in the discussion but, when he has spoken and that, too, most suitably, he says he must take his leave so as to perform a divine sacrifice. He does so without coming back. Plato, no doubt, thought it would hardly be consistent to retain a man so old too long in so extended a conversation. Much more so did I think I should be on my guard in the case of Scævola, a man of such age, such a state of health — as no doubt you remember — and of such honors that it seemed hardly suitable for him to spend several days visiting Crassus at Tusculum. Moreover the style of the first book is not alien to the nature of Scævola. The remaining books are more technical. I was unwilling that such a sportive gentleman as you know him to have been should take part in the more serious conversation.

In Quintus' letters I find certain incredible evidence of Cæsar's love for me. Word from Cæsar himself confirms me in this conclusion most richly.

It is expected that the war with Britain will soon be over. Reports are that the island is walled in by wonderfully high cliffs. It is also agreed that there is not so much as a scruple of silver in the whole island and that there is no hope of booty except slaves, among whom you will hardly find any trained scribes or musicians.

On Letter-Writing

XXXVII. (*Fam.* II. 4)

To CURIO (in Asia)

ROME, B. C. 53

You are aware that there are many kinds of letters. To be reckoned among these, as all would agree, is the kind by which we inform the absent about affairs, either theirs or ours, in which they may be interested. Assuredly you don't look for any such letters from me: for, as regards news from your own household, you have plenty of writers and news mongers of your own; and as regards my affairs, there is nothing new to tell.

There are two other kinds of epistles in which I take great delight: one familiar and playful; the other, sober and dignified. Which of the two it becomes me more to use I cannot tell. Shall I write you in playful mood? He hardly can be a good citizen who can laugh such times as these. Or shall I write in sober wise? What can a Cicero write in serious vein to a Curio except on politics? Yet in this case such is my state that I dare not put my real sentiments in a letter nor am I willing to write what I do not really feel.

Therefore, since there is really nothing to write about, I'll fall back on my usual ending in my letters to you and exhort you to aspire to the highest honor. A formidable rival has been matched against you — namely, the hopes which all entertain for you. I should write more to this effect were it not that I feel confident that you are sufficiently incited on your own account. My mentioning the matter at all is not so much for the sake of inspiring you as of attesting my love.

On Appropriate Art

In this letter to Gallus, Cicero stresses the canon of appropriateness which plays such an important part in his idea of literary art. Damasippus is the art collector of Horace's *Satires* who, having gone bankrupt, turned street preacher and set himself to lecturing the genial satirist on the error of his ways. Cicero's aversion to Bacchæ and to reveling in general is explained in Epistle CXVIII where he lauds the Latin idea of banqueting over that of the Greek. He was never a devotee of Bacchus; the occasion of Epistle CVIII is a rare instance of his lingering over his cups.

XXXVIII. (*Fam.* VII. 23)

TO M. FADIUS GALLUS

ROME, B.C. 61 (?)

I had barely got in from Arpinum when your letter arrived and with it a message from Avianus. In this he referred to my bill. In fact he gave me most liberal terms, to

the effect that he awaited my pleasure before entering the charge to my account.

Come now, put yourself in my place. What should you think of my setting as late a date of entry as possible and then of asking a year's credit? The whole affair would be easy to handle if you had bought what I wanted and had secured the statues at the price I wished. I ratify the transaction, however, and am gratified to do so; for I well appreciate not only the zeal but also the love that actuated you when you bought what you thought worthy of me. I hope, however, that Damasippus will stick to his offer of taking over your bargain; for, the fact is, I have no use for it. Unaware of my practice, you paid more for four or five statues than I should for all such objects of art. You compare the Bacchæ of your purchase with the Muses of Metellus. Wherein does the similarity consist? In the first place I should never have rated his Muses at so high a price as you paid for the Bacchæ, and that, too, with the goddesses' approval of my judgment. Still such an acquisition as Metellus' would be suitable to a library and would harmonize with my studies; but where at my house is there a place for Bacchæ? "But," you urge, "they are beautiful." I know it well, for I have seen them often. Being familiar with them, I should have expressly commissioned you to secure them if I had approved of them; I am wont to buy such works of art as, after the fashion of athletic schools, will adorn a place in my training-court. Furthermore, what

have I, a man of peace, to do with an image of Mars? I am glad there isn't one of Saturn; two such trouble makers, no doubt, would be my undoing. I should prefer something in the way of a Mercury; (being a god of commerce), he would help me discharge my debt to Avianus. To tell the truth, I had rather use the sum involved to buy me a lodging-place at Tarracina that I may not bother my friends when I pass that way, or to purchase pictures for my new lecture-room at my Tusculan villa; for if there is anything in the way of art that pleases me, it is paintings. Still, if I must keep the statues, please let me know where they are, and when and how they were shipped; for, if Damasippus does not abide by his offer, I must hunt some other art collector to take them off my hands even at a loss.

On Harboring a Grudge

This letter to Memmius is a good example of Cicero's felicity in dealing with a delicate situation. It seems that Memmius had been on extremely good terms with Patro, the leader of the Epicureans in Athens and the two had become estranged. It later devolved upon Cicero to persuade Memmius to do Patro a favor. This letter shows how he went about the matter.

That Cicero should not have based his plea on the ground of Memmius' being interested in things cultural is rather striking. For it was this Memmius to whom Lucretius dedicated his famous philosophical poem; it was he also who

took the poet Catullus with him when he went to his province. The young Veronese, disappointed in his hopes of making a fortune, scored his chief in most uncomplimentary terms.

XXXIX. (*Fam.* XIII. 1) To MEMMIUS (in exile at Mytilene)

ATHENS, 1 *July* (about), B.C. 51

Although I had not felt sure whether my prospective meeting with you would bring me feelings of joy or of pain because I felt sorrow over the injury you had received but pleasure over the wisdom with which you bore the injustice, yet I wish I had not missed seeing you; for my sense of pain is not eased much by failing to find you here and my feeling of joy would certainly have been increased if we had met. Therefore I shall be sure to look you up when a good opportunity arises.

Meanwhile I shall now take up with you a matter which can be handled and, as I hope, settled by letter. In the first place, I shall not ask you to grant my request merely to humor me but only in case you can do so willingly, realizing that it concerns me intimately, you very little.

Patro, the Epicurean, and I are on very good terms except that I disagree strongly with him in matters of philosophy. Formerly at Rome, when he was cultivating you and your friends, he especially paid respect to me; and lately, when I had helped him to win a suit over prerogatives and perquisites, he held me chief among his friends

and defenders. Now, when this Patro had written to me at Rome asking me to use my good offices with you in obtaining for him some tumble-down building or other that once belonged to Epicurus and is now in your possession, I did not write you because I did not wish any recommendation on my part to interfere with your plan of building on the site.

When on my arrival in Athens this same Patro again asked me to write you, he gained his request because your friends were all agreed that you had given up all idea of building. If what they say is true and you no longer take any interest in the property, even if some trifling hurt has been done your feelings through somebody's perversity — I know the sect well enough to imagine such a thing possible — I wish you would show yourself lenient either out of your good nature or out of your regard for me.

As for my part, if you ask my opinion, I see no reason for Patro's pertinacity nor for your refusing, except that there is much less excuse for you than for him to be put to trouble over an unimportant matter. And yet I am well aware that you well know Patro's case and the plea he makes: his reputation, duty, the sanctity of wills, the influence of Epicurus, the entreaty of Phædrus, the seat of abode, the traces of most eminent men — all these as he pleads, he must protect. The man's whole life and his school of philosophy we may deride if we wish to find fault with what he is so eagerly striving for; but, by my faith, since we are not bit-

ter enemies of him and the rest who are so taken with these reminders of their master (Epicurus), possibly we ought to forgive him for being so much in earnest. Even if he is at fault in the matter, he errs more in being foolish than in being wicked.

But not to be tedious — I have a word more to say — I love Pomponius Atticus like a brother. No man is dearer to me or pleases me more. I speak of him not because he is one of the Epicureans — for he is a gentleman highly educated in all branches of liberal learning — but because he is very fond of Patro and loved Phædrus exceedingly. He has urged this matter on me — utterly free, as he is, from self-seeking and from making annoying requests; he does not doubt that I could gain my wish from you merely by a nod even if you were going on with the building. Now in truth if he hear that you have abandoned your plan but that I have failed to win you over, he will think you not less generous toward me, but me less diligent as regards him.

In conclusion, therefore, I ask you to write your agents here that, as far as you are concerned, the decree of the Areopagites granting you the said site may be canceled. To return to my first plea, I should prefer that you be persuaded to do this freely for my sake than to do it grudgingly. Be assured that, if you grant my request, you will be doing me a great favor. Farewell.

At the Circus

This selection is grouped along with those on literary topics for in the estimation of Cicero and of many others it is one of his masterpieces. The occasion of its provenance is the series of games presented by Pompey in honor of his Eastern conquests. All the world flocked to the celebration, all except a valetudinarian by the name of Marius who "just could not stand crowds." He had asked Cicero to write him an account of the event.

XL. (*Fam.* VII. 1)

TO M. MARIUS (at Cumæ)

ROME, *Fall*, B.C. 55

If it was ill health that kept you from the games, I congratulate you on your good fortune; but if it was your dislike for such diversions that detained you I rejoice doubly: that you are well and that you are sane enough in mind to scorn the silly admirations of the people. I say this, however, on the supposition that during the days of the games you were putting in your time profitably. You would withdraw, no doubt, to that den of yours, which looks out over the Bay of Naples, and in the seclusion of your charming retreat you would spend the morning hours in cursory reading; whereas we, who left you for the show were going to sleep over the performance; the rest of the day you were passing according to your fancy; whereas we had to put up with what could pass the Board of Censors.

In fact, the offerings were most elaborate but, to judge

your taste by mine, not at all to your liking ; for first, to do honor to the occasion those actors returned to the stage from which they had retired to do honor to themselves. Why, the voice of your particular favorite, Æsop, failed him in an especially impressive passage.

Why should I say more? Being familiar with such programmes, you know what events came next. These did not have the charm even of ordinary shows, for the elaborateness of the spectacle took away all delight. I am sure you missed the display with perfect equanimity. How could one be pleased with six hundred mules in the *Clytemnestra*, or three thousand punch bowls in the *Trojan Horse*, or varied paraphernalia of cavalry and infantry in some battle scene! These spectacles won popular approval, but they would have pleased you not at all. If during the days of the games you had heard your slave Protogenes read anything whatsoever except my orations, you would have had more delight than any one of us.

As to the Greek and the Oscan shows, I am sure you did not miss them ; for you can see the Oscans show off any day in your town council, and as for Greeks, you take to them so little that you will not take the Greek highway to your villa. Why should I suppose that you missed the athletic games when I know that you scorn gladiators? In these performances even Pompey acknowledges that he wasted his money and his pains. The final event consisted of hunting shows, two of them, continuing through five days, magnifi-

cent, to be sure ; but what pleasure can a gentleman take in seeing a puny man torn to pieces by a monstrous beast or a beautiful animal pierced by a spear ? The last was the day of the elephant-baiting, which brought the crowd much wonder, but little pleasure. Nay rather the beasts aroused some sense of pity as if there were some community of feeling between them and man (so that the crowd rose up and cursed Pompey).

I have written you a longer letter than usual out of an abundance, not of leisure, but of affection, because in a certain letter, if you but remember, you gave me a half-way invitation to write you something that would console you for having missed the games. If I have attained my object, I rejoice; if not, I comfort myself with the reflection that hereafter you will come to the show and visit me and not stake your hope of enjoyment on a letter from me.

CHAPTER III

MARKING TIME IN CILICIA

INTRODUCTION

THIS chapter of Cicero's life covers the time from his appointment as governor of Cilicia in March, B.C. 51, to his return to Rome in December of the following year. The letters of this period form a regular jeremiad in their loathing for the new task and in their longing for Rome. The first letter is fittingly addressed to his predecessor in office that the taking over of the new duties may be made as easy as possible. Then — in the complete collection — follow almost daily notes, full of protest, while Cicero drags his unwilling way to his station in Asia, making roundabout marches, and catching at every possible straw of delay. Later follow in rapid succession notes to many prominent men in Rome enlisting their aid in furthering his early return. Very loth was he to "waste his sweetness on the desert air."

Although this minor strain of regret runs clear through the letters of the period, there are many brighter touches to attract one's interest. Even Cicero can become so enthusiastic over the integrity of his administration that he forgets to cry out for Rome. With almost childish impatience he chases the baubles of public thanksgivings and triumphs

for his paltry successes over some hill tribe of Cilicia. His homesickness does not dull the brilliancy of his pen pictures — whether it be a description of the awful ravages Roman dominance has made in the provinces, or characterizations of such money sharks as Brutus, or masterpieces of epistolary art such as the remonstrance to Appius.

ROMAN PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION

The following letter to Appius shows that though Cicero was not a man of family, he knew how to do the courteous thing. It also shows that Cicero knew how to forget; Appius had abetted his brother Publius in his efforts to destroy Cicero. The second letter reveals how the spirit of the first is reciprocated by Appius. It is a fine example of rebuke in which the growl of injured prerogative is softened by the purr of the stylist's pen. Then come letters depicting the plight of the miserable provincials and the exactions of the "honorable" Brutus.

*The Courteous Cicero*XLI. (*Fam.* III. 2)

TO APPIUS CLAUDIUS (in Cilicia)

ROME, *March*, B.C. 51

When it had turned out contrary to my wish and expectation that I had to assume the governorship of a province, in the midst of all sorts of annoying thoughts I bethought myself of this consolation that you could never be succeeded by a better friend nor could I take over a province

from one who would be more eager than you to turn it over in as good a condition as possible and as free from trouble as may be. If you feel the same way about me, you will surely not be disappointed. Therefore in consideration of our unusual intimacy, I urgently request and beseech again and again that, to the best of your ability, which is very great, you will take counsel and look out for my interests.

You see that by the decree of the Senate I am obliged to take charge of your province. If you will do your best to turn it over to me with its affairs as well settled as possible, you will help me in running what I may call my course of office. It is for you to consider what you can do in this matter; it is for me to entreat you earnestly since my interests are at stake as you can well see.

I should write you more at length if your kindness would expect a longer plea or our friendship would admit of it or the affair needed words and could not look out for itself. Let me persuade you of this, that if I find you have subserved my interests, you shall receive great and unending pleasure from your service.

The Discourteous Appius

XLII. (*Fam.* III. 6)

TO APPIUS CLAUDIUS (at Tarsus)

FROM CAMP, 29 *August*, B.C. 51

When I compare my course with yours, although in preserving our friendship I am no less partial to you than

to myself, yet I am much more satisfied with myself than with you.

(As you know from my letters, I took especial pains to suit your convenience in my plans for taking over the province, even going so far as to change the course of my journey several times so as to be sure to meet you.) For this reason I am exceedingly well pleased with myself, for in no other way could I have shown more affection.

Consider now in turn how you have acted. You not only did not do me the courtesy of meeting me upon my arrival in the province, but you even removed yourself to a place where I could not be expected to reach you within the thirty days allowed you by law for leaving the province. In fact, to those who are ignorant of how good friends we are, you appear to be acting like a stranger—to put a most favorable construction upon your action; but I, like a most intimate and loving friend. Meanwhile malevolent men—the world is full of such creatures—basing their gossip on plausible grounds, ignorant of my steadfast nature, tried to turn me against you. They said that you were holding court at Tarsus, settling matters, making decisions, passing judgments—though you had good reason to suppose that your successor was on the ground. You exercised, they said, all these functions although the usual practice is for governors to intermit them when about to be superseded.

By such talk I was not at all disturbed. Nay even—I

would have you believe me — whatsoever of my duties you performed, by just that much I felt I was relieved and I rejoiced that my twelve months' term, which seemed long, was already reduced almost to eleven if in my absence the work of one month was subtracted.

But there is one thing that does disturb me: out of my two legions, which are very much depleted, the three best manned cohorts are gone and where they are I know not. Consequently, I am sending to you Decimus Antonius to take over the troops, if it is agreeable to you, that, while the season permits, I may do some campaigning. In this business our friendship and your letter had led me to hope that I might have the benefit of your advice. Not even yet am I utterly discouraged; but frankly, if you don't write, I haven't the least idea when or where I shall see you.

I shall take great pains to let friend and foe know that I am entirely your friend. You have given our enemies some occasion for drawing an opposite conclusion in regard to your attitude; if you will correct this impression, you will do me a great favor. That you may know where you may meet me — thereby observing the provisions of the law — here is my itinerary: I entered the province on the last day of July; I am passing through Cappadocia into Cilicia; I am moving camp from Iconium on the last day of August. Now that you have the data, if you think we should meet, you will appoint the place and day that suit you best.

*An Unwilling Worker*XLIII. (*Att.* V. 15)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

LAODICÆA, 3 *August*, B.C. 51

I reached Laodicæa the last day of July; chalk up the date as the beginning of my year. No one could be received with keener anticipations or livelier esteem. Nevertheless I am most incredibly weary of this task. "But," you will say, "has your mind no field for maintaining its reputation? Is your well-known disposition for taking pains lagging?" You've said it. The idea that I should render decisions in Laodicæa, Aulus Plotius at Rome! That our friend (Pompey) should have command of so great an army, I the nominal command of two skimpy legions! Besides, it is not law courts in the provinces and armies I long for, but the brilliancy of life at Rome: the Forum, the city itself, my home, and you. I shall endure my exile as best I may, provided it be for only a year. If it is prolonged, I shall be done for.

I am not opening up the wounds left by my predecessor. Still they are apparent and cannot be hidden.

*The Wretched Provincials*XLIV. (*Att.* V. 16)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

CILICIA, 11 *August*, B.C. 51

Welcomed by all, on the last day of July I arrived in a province hapless and ruined forever. Passing along the route leisurely, I heard nothing but that it was impossible

to pay the poll tax; that property had to be sold to pay the capital tax; groans and lamentations of cities; fell deeds not befitting a man but a dread monster. Utterly weary of life are the people.

The wretched cities, however, have received some relief because they have been put to no expense for me, my lieutenants, my quæstor, nor any one whatsoever. Let me tell you that we have availed ourselves not even of the hay and wood allowed us by law, nothing but four beds and a roof, and that, too, only rarely; usually we stay in our tent. Consequently there has been a great thronging from field, village, house, and everywhere. The result is that even by my very arrival the land revives through the restraint, justice, and mercy of your Cicero.

As soon as Appius heard of my coming, he withdrew to the uttermost parts of the province even as far as Tarsus* where he is holding court. I am making for the army quarters, which are three days off.

The Discourteous Appius again

XLV. (*Att.* V. 17)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

LYCAONIA, 12 August, B.C. 51

I wish you would tell our friend Brutus that his father-in-law (Appius) has not done the courteous thing in going as far away as he could immediately upon my arrival.

*Birthplace of Saint Paul.

*An Industrious Governor*XLVI. (*Att.* V. 20)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

FROM CAMP AT PINDENISSUS

19 December, B.C. 51

On the morning of the first day of the Saturnalia the Pindenissitæ capitulated fifty-seven days after the siege began. "To the deuce with your Pindenissitæ! Who are they?" you will say; "I never heard the name." Well, what can I do about it? Could I turn Cilicia into Ætolia or Macedonia? Grant that I might, such great deeds as were done in those provinces could never be accomplished here or with such an army as I have.

Here is a brief account of my doings here; your latest letter gives me an opening. My reception at Ephesus is well-known to you; you congratulated me on that day's concourse, which pleased me mightily. Thence I left for Laodicæa arriving there on the last day of July. In the course of the two days I delayed there I was done great honor, and by the speeches I made the townsmen, I reduced their indignation over the wrongs they had suffered. I did the same at Colossæ; then also at Apamea where I stopped five days; at Synnada, three; Philomelium, five; Iconium, ten. In all these places I administered the law with fairness, mercy, and dignity.

I arrived in camp on the twenty-fourth of August. On the twenty-eighth I reviewed the army before Iconium. When important news concerning the Parthians came,

I started for Cilicia through that part of Cappadocia which borders on Cilicia. This movement was for the purpose of deterring the Armenians and Parthians from advancing on Cappadocia. When I had been encamped at Cybistra five days, I received word that the Parthians were far distant from that approach and were threatening Cilicia instead. Thereupon I forthwith marched into Cilicia through the Tauric pass. I reached Tarsus on the fifth of October.

Thence I hastened to Amanus, the watershed between Syria and Cilicia, a mountain full of our inveterate foes. Here on the thirteenth we killed a great number of the enemy. By a night attack of Pomptinus supported by us in the morning we captured and set fire to their admirably fortified forts. My soldiers saluted me with the title of *imperator*. For several days we encamped in the very same place that had been held at Issus against Darius by Alexander, a general not a little greater than you or I. I delayed there five days, and having plundered and despoiled Amanus, I departed.

Meanwhile at the rumor of our coming — in war there are panics and reversals — Cassius (he of the “lean and hungry look”) was encouraged and the Parthians disheartened. Cassius fell upon them as they withdrew from Antioch and fought a successful engagement. In the rout Osaces, an influential leader of the Parthians, received a wound of which he later died. My name is held in great esteem throughout all Syria.

I then went to Pindenissus, the most thoroughly fortified town of the Eleutherocilices, who have been under arms as far back as one can remember. The people were wild, spirited, and well prepared for standing a siege. We built a wall and a ditch around the town; we raised a huge mound of approach, built sheds, elevated a very high tower, set artillery all about, and stationed numbers of archers. With great effort and preparation, with many wounds but no deaths among the soldiers we finished the business. We had — you may well believe — a joyful holiday season, in which the troops shared; for I gave them all the booty except the prisoners. These are being sold on the third day of the festival (December 19) while I am writing this part of the letter. The sum accruing at auction is 12,000,000 sesterces (\$400,000). I am handing the army over to Quintus to be stationed in winter quarters in the most disaffected portions of the province. I myself am making for Laodicæa. Thus I have brought my account up to date.

Now let me return to what I have passed by. As regards what you earnestly urge upon me and what is of supreme importance — namely, that I should live up to the ideals of Cato himself, may I die if anything could be more handsomely done. I shall no longer apply the term of self-restraint to that virtue which is supposed to withstand pleasure; for in all my life I have not taken so much pleasure in anything as I have in the integrity with which I have administered my province. I am not delighted with the reputation I have

gained — great as it is — so much as with what I have done. In short, it has proved worth while to undergo the annoyance of the province. I did not know nor was I aware of my powers in this sort of endeavor. Rightly am I puffed up. Nothing could be finer.

This is the thing I am talking about. Thanks to me, Ariobarzanes lives, reigns. Through my advice and influence and by my refusing to accept the bribes of his waylayers or even to give audience to them, merely while passing through, I saved king and kingdom. At the same time from Cappadocia I accepted not a farthing. As much as I could, I encouraged Brutus, who feared he would lose what he had lent Ariobarzanes — Brutus whom I love no less than you do; I had almost said, than I do you. Lastly, I trust that the whole year of my governorship will cost the province not even threepence. That is all.

The "Honorable" Brutus`

Such money transactions as the Roman magnates had with the allied countries were not for the industrial or commercial development of the borrowing peoples. The lenders were merely trading on the necessities of their debtors. The money, if any really passed, went for tribute, taxes, bribes, and blackmail. The next letter presents a graphic picture of how these "bankers" fleeced their clients. A generation of such "high finance" destroyed the productive powers of the "back country" and the Republic fell.

If in our flotation of bonds with countries less developed economically, the money kings are not very careful to see that the funds go into productive enterprises and that they are not wasted by incompetent or venal officials, we may look for a repetition of what happened in the Roman empire. As an earnest of the future we may refer to the monies lent to the Russian government by the French. Humanitarian reasons aside, self-interest alone should impel our Department of State and our financiers to frown down on all questionable deals with backward peoples.

XLVII. (*Att.* VI. 1)

TO ATTICUS (in Epirus)

LAODICÆA, 20 *February*, B.C. 50

Now I come to Brutus. He gave me a memorandum of his commissions, the same that you had taken up with me. I carried everything out most diligently. First, I prevailed upon Ariobarzanes to deliver to Brutus the talents promised by me to him. As long as the king was with me, all went well. Afterwards he began to be pressed by agents of Pompey. Accordingly he now pays on the following terms: each month thirty-three Attic talents (\$35,000) raised by imposts. This sum does not suffice for keeping up the monthly interest. Pompey bears the default indulgently. He lets the principal go, content with only the interest, and that, too, only in part. The king pays no one else, nor can he. He has no treasury or regular tax. He levies imposts after the fashion of Appius. They hardly take care of the interest

payments due Pompey. The king has two or three very rich friends, but they hold on to their goods as carefully as you or I do on to ours. Deiotarus tells me he has sent envoys to the king about Brutus' business. They have brought back word that the king is bankrupt. By my faith, I believe the report; for there never was a kingdom more despoiled, a king more needy.

Now learn about Brutus' dealings with Salamis (a city on the island of Cyprus). The case has taken on an aspect no doubt as new to you as it is to me, for Brutus didn't tell me that the debt was really due him. Nay even, I have a memorandum of his in which he says, "The Salaminians owe my friends Scaptius and Matinius money." He commends these gentlemen to my care and by way of a spur he adds a remark to the effect that he has gone their security for a large amount. I had arranged with the townsmen to pay with interest at 12 per cent compounded yearly; Scaptius demanded 48 per cent compounded monthly. I feared that, if I should yield to him, you would cease to love me, for I should have violated my edict in regard to usury and should have utterly destroyed a city which looked to Cato and his nephew Brutus himself for protection.

At this juncture Scaptius thrust upon me a letter of Brutus' in which our friend said that the money at stake was really his. He had never revealed this fact either to you or to me. He also asked that I should put Scaptius in charge of the district of Salamis; but I had announced that I should

appoint no one to districts in which they had business. If I should make exception in the case of any one, it certainly would not be Scaptius. He had had the appointment under Appius and, what's more, he had had a company of horse with which he had beset the town council of Salamis in the city hall until five of the councilmen starved to death. This is the reason that on the very day I set foot in my province, acting upon information given me by envoys who had met me at Ephesus, I sent a dispatch ordering Scaptius' troopers to leave the island forthwith. Consequently Scaptius, no doubt, wrote Brutus something quite uncomplimentary about me.

I am of this mind: if Brutus thinks I should award him 4 per cent a month, whereas throughout the province I am holding to 1 per cent a month according to the rate I had fixed and that, too, with the approval of the most grasping usurers; and if he complains of my refusing to appoint an agent to office as I had refused to do for Pompey and for your friend Lænius, not without their approval of my action; if Brutus is vexed at my withdrawal of the troops, I shall grieve, indeed, over his being angry at me but much more over his falling short of my expectations.

Scaptius will acknowledge that under my management of the case he could get all that was due him according to my edict. I even add something that will hardly meet your approval. The interest ought to cease to run (for the Salaminians were ready to deposit money to their creditors' ac-

count). I begged them not to insist on doing so. They complied with my request. But I fear what will become of them if (Brutus' brother-in-law) Paullus, as seems likely, should be my successor.

So much have I compromised my conscience for the sake of Brutus, who has written you most courteously about me, but when he wants anything of me, is wont to do so in an insolent, dictatorial, and ungentlemanly manner. Please write me about the case that I may see how he takes my decision. I have already written you about this matter but (I have gone over it again, for) I wanted you to know that I have not forgotten your injunction that, if I took with me upon retiring from my province nothing but Brutus' blessings, I should do well enough. Let whoever will be angry; I shall bear with him, especially since in my volume "On the State" I have given bail, as it were, for my conduct.

The boys (son and nephew) are very fond of each other; they study together and play together; but as Isocrates said in the case of Theopompus and Ephorus, one needs the bit and the other the spur. Dionysius (the tutor) is much in my affections. The boys say that he has a furious temper. That may be so, but no man could be more learned, more upright, or more fond of you or of me. Take care of yourself.

*Relief for the Oppressed*XLVIII. (*Att.* VI. 2)

To ATTICUS (in Epirus)

LAODICÆA, May, B.C. 50

I note that you rejoice in my restraint and moderation. You would rejoice more if you were here. At the present session of court which I have been holding at Laodicæa from February 13 to May 1 I have done marvels; so many of the cities have been freed from all debts, so many greatly relieved. Enjoying their own laws and courts and obtaining self-rule, they have revived.

This relief has come about in two ways: First, my provincial administration has cost no one a sou — when I say “not a sou,” I am not dealing in hyperboles. Second, there has been much graft in public office on the part of Greek officials. I interrogated those who had been in office within the last ten years. They confessed frankly and made restitution without being exposed. The people, therefore, with no groaning not only paid their taxes for the current assessment but even their arrearages of the previous period. Accordingly, I am in great favor with the tax-gatherers.

A Lapse of Ideals

In the preceding letters Cicero expresses concern for the wretched provincials, yet he leaves the Salaminians to the tender mercies of his successor. Thus will even the humane Cicero act to humor a friend. We meet with a similar instance several years later in his advocacy of another tormentor of provincials.

XLIX. (*Fam.* V. 10)

VATINIUS to CICERO (at Rome)

NARONA, *January*, B.C. 44

These are difficult commissions that you enjoin on me. There's that pirate Catilius concerning whom you addressed me an earnest appeal for mercy. Then, to the deuce with your Sextus Servilius, whom I count my friend too, for I love him also. Is this the kind of clients, the sort of cases you take? The idea of your appealing for the cruelest man there ever was, a man who killed, raped, or ruined large numbers of gentlemen, mothers, and Roman citizens; a man who devastated whole countries! The pig of a fellow, worth not a fig, took up arms against me and I captured him in war. Still, my Cicero, what can I do? By my faith, I am always eager to carry out your commissions; and so for your sake I give up and remit the penalty and the punishment I was going to inflict on my prisoner. But what excuse can I give to those who are bringing action against him for the property he has plundered, the ships he has captured, the brothers, children, and parents he has slain? By my faith, not even if I had the face of Appius, my predecessor in office, could I brazen the affair out. What, then, am I to do? I shall carry out with all care whatever I know to be your wish.

NEWS FROM HOME

The somberness of Cicero's provincial letters is lightened by his chatty correspondence with his young friend Cælius.

The political and social bustle of Rome was meat and drink to Cicero; hence to be absent for a year in Cilicia was a great cross to him; and there were no newspapers to relieve his ennui. Yet there were what served as our news-clipping agencies and Cælius had arranged for Cicero to be kept informed as to what was going on. The following letter accompanied one such budget of news.

Town Gossip

Cælius was a gay young man of Rome, lover of Clodia and object of her scorned fury, a man of parts but spoiled by the times, a politician without principle. He was murdered in an insane attempt to be a Catiline — or a Cæsar. In the letters of this period appear frequent references to panthers which Cælius needs for the shows he plans to offer in his capacity as ædile.

L. (*Fam.* VIII. 1)

CÆLIUS to CICERO (en route)

ROME, *June*, B.C. 51

Because I promised you at your departure that I would write diligently about what goes on in the city, I took pains to find a man who, I fear, has written up everything so at length that he may seem to you too garrulous in his assiduity. Still I know your curiosity and how pleased all travelers are at being informed of even the most trifling things going on at home. In the performance of this undertaking I beg of you not to deem it presuming in me because I de-

legated the task to another ; for, although it would afford me the greatest delight to show my regard for you, yet, to say nothing of the pressure of business and of my laziness in writing letters, the very size of the volume which I am sending you will be sufficient excuse. Merely to touch upon the topics involved, let alone any attempt at description in detail, would be a matter requiring considerable leisure. Everything is there: the decrees of the Senate, official edicts, gossip, and town-talk. If, perchance, you are not pleased with this sample, let me know, that I may save you annoyance and myself expense. If there shall take place any public action too momentous for satisfactory handling by the clerks I have employed, I shall carefully write you in detail what the action was, how it was received, and how it is expected to turn out.

At present there is nothing in the air. Unpleasant rumors keep coming about Cæsar — not in the open but mutterings *sub rosa*: one, that he has lost a horseman—I am inclined to believe the report; another, that the Seventh Legion has been beaten and that Cæsar himself has been beset by the Bellovaci and shut off from the rest of the army. There is nothing certain about these reports; nor do they form general topics of conversation, but are told as an open secret among those acquaintances of yours, the *Optimates*. Domitius, in fact, holds his hand to his mouth when he repeats the rumor.

The hangers about the *Rostra* are circulating a tale—

curses on their heads! — that you died May fourteenth. There was a story, widespread throughout the Forum and the city that you had been killed on the road by Q. Pompeius. Knowing the man I am not worried by the report. Your *De Re Publica* has been well received by all parties.

*A Reply*LI. (*Fam.* II. 8)

To CÆLIUS (at Rome)

ATHENS, 6 July, B.C. 51

Say!! Do you think that this was the commission I gave you? The idea that you should write me about the pitting of gladiators, postponement of cases, Chrestus' pilfering — gossip that no one would dare tell me when at Rome! Behold how much trust I put in your judgment, and not without good cause; for I never knew any one with a better understanding of politics than you. I do not care to hear of the political events of the day unless they concern me particularly. Others will write such news; many will tell; even rumor will bring many items to my ears. Therefore I expect to hear from you neither past nor present but only the future as from a man who looks far ahead so that, when I see from your letters the plans and specifications of the state, I may be able to tell what the building may be like.

I have no reason, however, for finding fault with you; for there was no way of your foreseeing more than any one of us and in particular I who have spent several days with Pompey talking about nothing but politics. What was said

neither can nor should be put into a letter. Be assured, however, that Pompey is a patriotic citizen and quite ready in mind and soul to take all counsel for the public welfare. Wherefore associate yourself with him and embrace him, for his views and ours as to who are good and bad citizens coincide.

Regrets

LII. (*Fam.* VIII. 3)

CÆLIUS to CICERO (en route)

ROME, *June*, B.C. 51

There now! I've won, haven't I? Though you declared at your departure that I would not take the pains, yet I do write, don't I? Yes, indeed, if those letters I dispatch you are delivered. I am all the more diligent in writing because I actually have no other way of passing the time when I have nothing to do. When you were at Rome, if I had a vacant hour, I was sure to spend it with you and that, too, most pleasantly. I miss this opportunity to no ordinary degree so that not only do I feel very lonely but also, now that you are away, Rome seems to have become a wilderness; and I who, while you were here, did not go to see you for many days at a time now torment myself daily that you are not here for me to run to. My competitor Hirrus sees to it that I miss you day and night.

I have this request to make of you that, if you shall have as I hope, time for literary pursuits, you will dedicate some treatise to me. "How did this notion," you will say, "get

into the brain of such a practical man as I?" I hope that out of the large number of your writings there may remain one which may be a testimony to future generations of our friendship. You ask, no doubt, what sort of book I should prefer. You who know every branch of learning will more quickly than I think out something suitable. Let it be, nevertheless, of a sort that it can be properly dedicated to me and let it be of a general appeal that it may have a wide circulation.

Those Panthers!

LIII. (*Fam.* VIII. 9)

CÆLIUS to CICERO (in Cilicia)

ROME, 2 *September*, B.C. 51

In nearly all my letters I have written you about panthers. It would be a shame for Patiscus to have sent Curio ten and for you not to send me many more. If only you will keep the affair in mind and subpœna panthers from Cibra and send letters to Pamphylia where I hear the beasts are more plentiful, you will accomplish your purpose.

Homesickness

LIV. (*Fam.* II. 11)

TO CÆLIUS (at Rome)

LAODICÆA, 4 *April*, B.C. 50

Would you have ever thought that words could fail me, not only the eloquent vocabulary you orators use but also this humble diction of mine? Yet so they do, for I am exceedingly apprehensive as to what is being decided about

the provinces. I am possessed with a great desire for the city, with an incredible longing for my friends and you in particular, with a great loathing for my province, either because I have attained to such a degree of fame that I can expect to rise no higher and have only ill-fortune to fear, or because there impends a great war which I think to avoid if I but get away when my year is up.

As to your panthers, the professional hunters at my orders are diligently attending to the matter. But there is a scarcity of the beasts, and what there are, are said to complain loudly because they are the only creatures in my province for whom snares are being laid; and so according to report they have decided to leave the country and migrate into Caria. Still the business shall be attended to, especially by Patiscus.

Vanity Reproved

Vanity is generally the vice of the great, and Cicero was no exception to the rule. He was so elated over his paltry successes in the mountains of Cilicia and over the impeccability of his administration that he longed for the honor of triumphs and thanksgivings; hence he pulled all possible wires to get such recognition. The following is a characteristic letter of Cato's in which he reproves the Arpinate for his stooping to such trifles.

LV. (*Fam.* XV. 5)

CATO to CICERO (in Cilicia)

ROME, *April* (end), B.C. 50

Urged by consideration of public welfare and private friendship, I freely rejoice that your well-known virtue, uprightness, and industry continue to manifest themselves in most important matters: foreign as well as domestic, in war as well as in peace. Accordingly, what I could do conscientiously by way of expressing my opinion of how your honesty and wisdom have defended your province, have saved the realm of Ariobarzanes, king and all, and have won the allies back to a loyal zeal for our rule — that I have done. That you have been decreed a thanksgiving, if you really prefer that we thank the gods rather than credit you for the consummate skill and honesty with which you have attended to the affairs of state, I rejoice. If, however, you view the thanksgiving as a guarantee of a public triumph to come and prefer on that account to have Fortune rather than yourself regarded as the cause of your success, I would remind you that not always does a triumph follow on a thanksgiving and that, far beyond receiving a triumph, is it a noteworthy thing for the Senate to decree that the safeguarding and preservation of a province is due to the gentlemanliness and uprightness of a governor rather than to military strength and divine favor.

This is the interpretation I would have you put on my vote (in refusing to support the motion for Cicero's thanksgiving). I have written you more at length than is my cus-

tom, for it is my earnest wish to have you think that I am trying to persuade you that in what I did I thought to magnify your honor as best I could and that I rejoice that what you wished has come to pass. Farewell; keep on loving me, and go on with the dignified and intelligent course you have been exhibiting toward the allies and the commonwealth.

CHAPTER IV

WATCHING AND WAITING

INTRODUCTION

THIS chapter begins with Cicero's return from his province in December, B.C. 50 and extends to the death of Tullia in February, B.C. 45.

As soon as he reached Rome he found that in getting rid of his trials as governor of a province he had jumped from the fat into the fire; for the troubles, long brewing in the state, immediately upon Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon in January, B.C. 49 broke out into a fearful turmoil. The Civil War was on. At first everything made for Cicero's throwing in his lot with the *Optimates*: his reverence for the senatorial system of government; his love for Pompey; his belief in the sacredness of property rights; his loathing, in common with all Romans, for a king; his fear of the *Populares*.

But before long the turn of events was such as to make him pause. Pompey scuttled his cause by abandoning Rome; Cæsar startled the world by the rapidity of his movements; the *Optimates* displayed the greatest incapacity, Cæsar the utmost capacity; the Pompeians talked only of proscriptions, Cæsar only of forgiveness. We can hardly wonder that Cicero's problem was not easy to solve. To cap the climax, Pompey, the conqueror of the East, evacuated Italy

without a blow. Cicero could not forgive such pusillanimity and stayed behind in the hope that he might bring about a reconciliation ; but as things went on from bad to worse, pity for his fallen idol and shame of what people might say led him to join Pompey when the fortunes of the loyalists were at their lowest ebb. This decision of Cicero's is to his everlasting credit and does him no less honor than when he later defied Antony to mortal combat.

But this decision brought him no relief of spirit. He found everything at Pompey's camp in a mess, which he did not help by his caustic criticisms. Finally with only a slight lifting of the gloom when Pompey defeated Cæsar at Dyrrazzo, the clouds settled down heavily with the rout at Pharsalia, Pompey's flight and death, and finally the collapse of the Republican cause. Then came nine miserable months at Brindisi from November, B.C. 49, till August of the following year. He was ill of body, sick at heart ; the *Optimates* were lampooning him for deserting them. The *Quinti* were slandering him to get into the good graces of the victor ; Terentia was embezzling his funds ; and Tullia was having trouble with her scapegrace husband. Truly troubles come in flocks.

The return of Cæsar in August brought a silver lining to the cloud, for the conqueror was gracious as usual. Cicero sought relief by resorting to the Muses and helping his fellows in distress : to some, like Sulpicius, he wrote letters of comfort ; for others, like Ligarius and Marcellus, he spoke

a good word with Cæsar. We cannot but admire the old statesman for putting on a brave face before society and attempting to joke Pætus about his cuisine while all the time his heart was breaking for the death of the Republic, which he had loved more than a mother loves her offspring.

The most interesting letters of the period are Cicero's bulletins to his secretary Tiro, his jocular notes to Pætus, his reports to Atticus about the tutor Dionysius, his analysis of what is meant by a statesman (LIX), his analysis of the pros and cons (LVIII), his apology for the course he took (LXXIV), his interview with Cæsar (LXVIII), his letters about the cases of Ligarius (LXXVI) and Marcellus (LXXV), a letter from Mark Antony (LXX), and Cæsar's famous "mercy" letter (LXII).

THE BREAKING LOOSE OF BEDLAM

The earlier letters of this chapter are addressed to Tiro, Cicero's secretary, who had been detained in Greece by an attack of fever. This young man was something of a valetudinarian, but he took such good care of his health that he rounded out the century. He served his master devotedly: helped him with his manuscripts; worked up a system of shorthand, known as *notæ Tironianæ*; collected Cicero's correspondence; and got out an edition of his works. These letters reveal the thoughtfulness that Cicero always showed toward inferiors.

*A Bulletin*LVI. (*Fam.* XVI. 11)

To TIRO (at Patræ)

ROME (without the walls)

12 January, B.C. 49

Although I miss the help you are ever wont to give in due season, yet not so much for my sake as for yours do I grieve over your illness. Since your disease, as I hear from Curius, has turned into intermittent ague, I trust that by the exercise of proper care you will presently be stronger.

I arrived before Rome on the fourth of January. So many came out of the city to meet me that no reception could have been more honorable. As luck would have it, however, I fell right into the fire of civil discord, or, if I may be allowed to use the expression, of war. Although I was eager to heal the breach in the state and in my estimation was able to do so, I was hindered by the selfish interests of certain men; on both sides there are those who are eager to fight.

In a word, my friend Cæsar has sent threatening letters to the Senate and is still impudent in keeping his army and province despite the wish of the Senate. My Curio is urging him on. My friend Antony and Q. Cassius being expelled, though with no show of force, have set out with Curio for Cæsar's headquarters after the Senate had declared martial law by passing the customary decree.

Never has the State been in greater peril; never have the *Populares* had a better leader. Still on our side most care-

ful preparations are being made. Italy has been districted to be in charge of various individuals. I have been assigned Capua.

I wished you to know what is going on. Take care of yourself and write whenever you can find a courier. Again and again farewell.

Another Bulletin

LVII. (*Fam. XVI. 12*)

To TIRO (at Patræ)

CAPUA, 27 *January*, B.C. 49

In what straits we all are you can judge from this that we have left our homes and our fatherland to be plundered or burnt. Things are brought to such a pass that unless some god comes to our help, we cannot be saved.

Upon my arrival in the city, in what I thought, said, or did, I stood for harmony; but such a strange madness had fastened not only upon the *Populares* but also upon the *Optimates* that they were eager to fight although I kept crying out that nothing was worse than civil war. When Cæsar was seized with a certain frenzy and, forgetful of his name and honors, had taken possession of Ariminum, Pisaurum, Ancona, and Arretium, we abandoned Rome; how wisely or how bravely it is now superfluous to discuss. You see in what a plight we are.

Cæsar offers these conditions: Pompey is to go to Spain; our levies and garrisons are to be disbanded; Cæsar will hand over the two Gauls to his successors, who have already been

appointed; he will stand for the consular elections in person; in his absence no business which concerns him is to be transacted; he will himself conduct his canvass, limiting it to a period of three market days (17 days). We accept these conditions with the proviso, however, that he withdraw his forces from the places he has seized, for the Senate would discuss his terms without constraint. If he abides by his offer, there is hope of peace, dishonorable though it be; if not, then it will be war. We are raising large levies. I am in charge of the seacoast from Formiæ to Capua. I have as yet taken no action that my letters and exhortations may have more weight for peace. There is this added annoyance that Dolabella is with Cæsar.

I wanted you to be advised as to what is going on. Do not let this information frighten you or hinder your recovery. Take care of yourself.

IN A QUANDARY

These letters to Tiro show into what a predicament Cicero was falling. By choice he would naturally side with the *Optimates*. But as ever, there may be two sides to a question, and Cicero saw them both. In the following letters he seeks to thresh out the issues of the day. If, in his thinking out loud as it were, he seems guilty of thoughts unworthy of his ideals, it is well to remember that it is not by his indecisions but by his decisions that we judge a man.

*To Take Sides or not*LVIII. (*Att.* VIII. 3)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

CAES, 18-19 *February*, B.C. 49

I am so disturbed over the present state of affairs that although I cannot talk over matters with you in person, still I wish to have the advantage of your advice.

The point at issue is this: if Pompey quits Italy, as I think he will, what, think you, should be my course of action? That you may be able to express your opinion more easily I shall set forth briefly my view of the pros and cons. Not only Pompey's most important services in bringing me back from exile and our friendship but also the cause of the state leads me to the conclusion that our plans and fortunes ought to lie together. There is this added consideration that if I stay behind and abandon the company of most illustrious and excellent gentlemen, I must fall into the hands of one man; even though he shows his friendship for me in many ways, yet one must consider well how great faith can be put in him and if he really proves to be a friend, whether it is the part of a gentleman and a patriot to stay in a city in which a man will be a nobody after having held the highest offices and honors, having performed great deeds and having been invested with the most important priesthood. Besides, there is some risk coupled with indignity in store if Pompey should ever regain control. So much for one side.

Now for the other. Nothing that Pompey has done has been done with vigor or sense, nothing but against my ad-

vice and sanction. I pass by his earlier mistakes — namely, that he nourished, raised, and armed Cæsar against the state; that he supported him in passing laws by violence and contrary to the auspices; that he added farther Gaul to Cæsar's province; that he became his son-in-law; that he sanctioned as augur the transfer of Publius Clodius to the plebs; that he was much more zealous in bringing me back from exile than in preventing my banishment; that he procured for Cæsar an extension of his term as governor of a province; that in Cæsar's absence he backed him up in all matters; that even after in his third consulship he began to support the constitutionalists, he tried to get the ten tribunes of the people to bring in a bill permitting Cæsar to run for the consulship without appearing in person; that he even ratified the same procedure by a bill of his own; and that he opposed the consul, M. Marcellus, when he tried to limit Cæsar's tenure of the Gallic provinces to the first of March.

To omit all these counts against Pompey, what can be more cowardly or disgraceful than the way he left Rome, or shall I say, the very base and ignominious manner in which he fled? What terms should one not accept rather than abandon the fatherland? But it may be objected the terms were disgraceful. They were, but what can be more disgraceful than deserting the homeland?

“O question,” you say, “difficult and insoluble!” Solved, however, it must be. That you may not think that I am inclined toward staying in Italy because I have said more for

that side of the argument, there's a possibility you know, that, as is often the case in trials, one side may be more wordy, the other more worthy. Therefore as to one deliberating impartially over a very important matter please give me advice.

A ship is lying ready for me at Caieta, another at Brindisi.

Lo! While I am writing this letter by night, comes word that Cæsar is before Corfinium, and that Domitius is there with an army strong and eager to fight. I do not believe Pompey will bring himself to abandon Domitius, for it would be a disgrace to fail his cry for help.

To Live up to an Ideal!

LIX. (*Att.* VIII. 11)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 27 February, B.C. 49

You feel that I show great perturbation of spirit. I do, indeed, but not so much, perhaps, as I seem, for merely by going over the matter I get relief whether I come to some conclusion or none.

Still one may lament. This I do whole days despite the fruitlessness of such actions. Since I come to no conclusion, I fear that I may disgrace my studies and my book "On the State." Therefore I put in all my time considering what is the dominant trait of that *ideal statesman*, whom with some care as you maintain, I have described in that book. You comprehend, do you, the ideal by which the statesman

should be guided in all his acts? It is, I believe, set forth in the fifth book where Scipio is made to say: "As the helmsman presents himself with a safe journey as an ideal, the physician with health, the general with victory, so the statesman holds up before himself the happiness of the citizens that they may be strong in resources, rich in goods, honorable in virtue." In so doing, to my way of thinking, he would consummate the greatest and best task in the world.

Neither formerly nor now has Pompey bethought himself of this ideal. It is mastery that both he and Cæsar have sought. Neither has striven that the state be happy and honored. Pompey did not abandon the city because he could not defend it, nor Italy because he was driven from it; but from the very beginning he had this in mind: to move everything on land and sea, to stir up the kings of the barbarians, to arm wild peoples and lead them against Italy, and to muster mighty armies. Long since, spurred on by many of his followers, he has aimed at the sort of power wielded by Sulla. "Could there have been," you will say, "no agreement between Pompey and Cæsar, no compromise?" Today there can be. But the happiness of the people is the aim of neither. Both wish to reign.

At your request I have made this brief review of the case, for you wanted me to set forth my sentiments concerning the prevailing troubles. I prophesy, my Atticus, not talking at random as did Cassandra whom nobody believed, but

forecasting the future for a whole Iliad of troubles is imminent.

LESSER WORRIES

In the midst of his worries about affairs of state Cicero was bothered by the ingratitude of Dionysius, the family tutor. Throughout the *Correspondence* Cicero had had many commendations for the schoolmaster even though the boys did think that he had a temper. But now when Dionysius like a rat that deserts a sinking ship was loth to stay with a discredited Pompeian and objected to continuing with his old job, his master changed his tune. Many a present-day pedagogue from personal experience will smile at Cicero's petulance.

That Rascally Tutor!!

LX. (*Att.* VIII. 4)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMLÆ, 22 February, B.C. 49

Dionysius, whom I may call yours rather than mine, whom, although I well knew his ways, I took on your recommendation rather than of my own judgment, paying little regard to the character you gave him, has put on airs with an eye on the ill-fortune he fancies is in store for us.

What honor have I failed to do him? What consideration failed to show him? Even so much that I preferred to have my estimate of him reprehended by Quintus and by everybody in general rather than not to laud him to the skies.

I even chose to coach the boys on the side rather than hunt up a new teacher for them. What letters have I not sent him! How full of honor! of love! You would say that it was Dicæarchus or Aristoxenus I was writing to, not the greatest chatterer and the poorest teacher there ever was.

“But,” you will say, “he has a good memory.” He will find I have a better.

(When I wrote him asking him to come back as tutor to the boys), he replied in a fashion such as I never use when I refuse to take any one’s case. I always say, “If I can,” or “If I am not prevented by a previous engagement.” Never was there a client so mean, so lowly, so guilty, so unknown that I cut him off as scurvily as Dionysius did me. But enough has been said on this matter.

A Forgiving Spirit

LXI. (*Att.* VIII. 5)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 23 *February*, B.C. 49

On the evening of the very day I had dispatched you a letter about Dionysius the fellow appeared. He did this, I suspect, under the sway of your influence; for what else could I think? He might, however, have repented of his actions since that is a way he has of doing when he has had a fit of anger. Never has he had a worse brain storm than in this business. I didn’t write you about one of his antics. After he left me, as I heard later, he went out of the town tossing his head in his petulance and calling down curses on my

head — “May they,” in the words of the proverb, “come home to him.” When he had reached the third milestone, he took fright and returned.

Behold how little I bear a grudge! In the packet along with your letter I had put a scorching one for him. Please return it to me; you may give it to Pollex whom I am sending to you for that very purpose. My object in writing you is, that if my letter to Dionysius has been delivered to you, you may take pains to return it lest it fall into his hands.

AN INNOVATION IN CIVIC TROUBLES

Cicero's half-hearted hope that Pompey would go to the rescue of Domitius at Corfinium proved false. The beleaguered garrison was forced to capitulate. Whereupon Cæsar took the opportunity to make an innovation in civic squabbles and set free his prisoners. The following letters reveal the motive back of this action and show Cæsar to have been entirely warranted in adopting his policy of mercy. Students of the *Gallic Wars* will remember how often recurs the phrase “in accordance with his practice of showing mercy.”

Cæsar's Policy

LXII. (*Att.* IX. 7 c) CÆSAR to OPPIUS and BALBUS (at Rome)

ARPI, 1 *March* (about), B.C. 49

I am very glad to know that you approve of the course I followed at Corfinium (in dismissing Domitius and his army). I shall all the more willingly make use of your ad-

vice because, of my own accord, I had already determined to show myself as lenient as possible and to try to win Pompey over.

Let us attempt, if possible, in this way to secure the affections of all and to gain a lasting victory; for other victors in civic strife have not been able to escape unpopularity because of their cruelty and with the exception of Sulla, whom I will not imitate, they could not long maintain their victory. Let this be a new way of conquering that we may fortify ourselves with mercy and generosity. How this end may be attained some thoughts have come to mind; many can be found. I beg of you to help me plan concerning these matters.

I have taken Pompey's chief of engineers, Numerius Magius. I followed my custom and let him go. He is the second of Pompey's engineers to fall into my hands. If they wish to be grateful, they ought to urge him to be friendly with me rather than with those who have always been enemies of us both, thanks to whom it has come about that the state has been brought to this pass.

Cæsar's Policy Once More

LXIII. (*Att.* IX. 16)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 26 *March*, B.C. 49

When I had written Cæsar in highest praise of the clemency he had shown the captives taken at Corfinium, he replied with a letter of which the enclosure is a copy:

"You do well in prophesying of me that nothing is farther from my thought than cruelty. I not only take great pleasure from this fact but also rejoice exceedingly that my act is approved by you. I am not at all disturbed by the report that those who have been let go by me have taken themselves off with the idea of renewing the war against me. I wish nothing so much as that I be like myself and they like themselves. I should like to have you meet me near Rome that, as always, I may avail myself of your advice and influence."

The Effect of Cæsar's Policy on the Public

LXIV. (*Att.* VIII. 13)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 1 March, B.C. 49

The inflamed condition of my eyes accounts for this letter's being in the handwriting of a clerk.

I am anxiously awaiting news from Brundisium. If Cæsar has caught our Pompey, we may hope for peace; but if Pompey crossed the Adriatic before Cæsar's arrival, we must dread a deadly war.

Do you note the kind of man into whose power the state has fallen? how keen, how watchful, how ready? By my faith, if he puts no one to death and deprives no one of his property, he will be heartily loved by those who feared him most. I have talked much with men from the towns, much with men from the countryside. The long and short of it is that they care for naught but their fields, their farmhouses,

and their shekels. Mark what a reversal has taken place! Him whom they used to trust they fear; him whom they feared they love.

The Effect on the Optimates

LXV. (*Att.* VIII. 16)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 4 March, B.C. 49

Everything is ready (for my setting out to Pompey) except a secret and safe way to the Adriatic, for I cannot use the southern passage by reason of the season of the year. By what route shall I reach Brundisium whither my inclination turns and circumstances call? If I go, it must be quickly lest, perchance, some contingency hinder and bind me here. I am not attracted by Pompey as one might suppose, for I have long known him to be the poorest sort of statesman in the world and now I have found him to be the worst general. It is not he that moves me but the gossip that Philotimus writes me. He says that I am being flayed by the *Optimates*. Good heavens! What *Optimates*! Behold how they are now flocking to Cæsar and selling themselves to him! Therefore I ask who are those *Optimates* who would drive me out of Italy while they stay at home. And yet, whoever they are, I fear what people will say.

*The Effect on Cælius*LXVI. (*Fam.* VIII. 15) CÆLIUS to CICERO (at Formiæ)NORTH ITALY, *February* (end), B.C. 49

Did you ever see a sillier man than your Pompey for stirring up such a disturbance, being the trifler that he is? Did you ever read or hear of any one more active than Cæsar in doing things and more restrained in making use of victory?

AN HONORABLE CHOICE

Coming to a Decision

The utter incapacity of the *Optimates* and the amazing capability of Cæsar naturally enough for a time led Cicero to waver in his allegiance; but at last came a revulsion of feeling as expressed in this, the most beautiful of all of Cicero's letters.

LXVII. (*Att.* IX. 10)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

FORMIÆ, 18 *March*, B.C. 49

I seem to have been mad from the beginning, and I am tormented because in every vicissitude I did not, like a common private, follow Pompey as he was slipping, or rather rushing to destruction. January 17 I saw him in a panic. On that day I felt what he would do. Never after that did he please me, never cease making now one mistake, now another. Meanwhile not a line to me, not a thought except flight!

Why then should I go to him? As in the case of lovers

traits of inelegance, insipidity, and indecency alienate the affections, so with me the unseemly spectacle of Pompey's flight and sloth estranged my love; for nothing that he did was such as to make me accompany him in his flight. Now my love emerges; now I cannot bear the separation; now my books, my literary pursuits, my learning avail me nought. And so day and night, like the halcyon looking out on the sea, I long to fly away.

The Decision

For some time Cæsar had been angling for the support of Cicero and had finally made an appointment for a conference. Cicero had been looking forward to the ordeal with some misgivings, but as the hour approached, his feeling for Pompey steeled him against any temptation to disloyalty. The decision recorded in the following letter is one of the three that Cicero had to make and it does him no less credit than when at the beginning of the revolution he refused to join the first triumvirate or when during the death throes of the Republic he challenged Antony to mortal combat. Such letters should go far toward wiping out the ordinary view that Cicero was a temporizer.

Cæsar was greatly disappointed at his failure to win over Cicero, for it meant that he could hope for no coöperation from the established orders. It is the tragedy of all political reformers, of which there was a bit in Cæsar and more in Augustus, that they have entirely to recreate the govern-

mental machine with the result that the new one creaks about as badly as the old.

LXVIII. (*Att.* IX. 18)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ARPINUM, 28 *March*, B.C. 49

In my conference with Cæsar I followed your advice in both particulars: for in our discussion I managed things so as to gain his respect but not his gratitude; and I stuck to my decision not to go to Rome. You and I were both deceived in this that we thought he would be easy to handle. I never saw any one less so. He held that my decision was tantamount to condemning his cause and that the rest would respond less readily if I did not come. I maintained that my case was different from theirs. After much talk he said: "Well, then, come and try to bring about peace." I said, "On my own terms?" He replied, "Shall I dictate to you?" "I shall hold, then," I said, "that the Senate disapproves of your marching into Spain or transporting an army into Greece, and I shall show my sympathy with Pompey." "I am unwilling for you to say that," he replied. "So I thought," I said; "and I will not go there because I must follow the course I have just laid down and say many things I can in no way pass over in silence if I am there, or otherwise, I must not attend."

The long and short of it is that he, as if to bring our conference to an end, said, "Very well, think the matter over." Thus we took our leave of each other. I think that he is not

well-pleased with me; but I was with myself—a feeling I have not had for a long time.

HOW THE CÆSAREANS TOOK THE DECISION

Quite naturally, the Cæsareans were greatly disappointed at Cicero's rejection of their overtures and showed this feeling in their letters. Still these letters retain the deferential tone with which Cæsar and Antony were wont to address Cicero. This consistent attitude of theirs shows that if he had had more temper and less temperament, he might have accomplished much with these subverters of his country's institutions.

Cæsar

LXIX. (*Att.* X. 8 b)

CÆSAR to CICERO (at Formiæ)

On the march to Spain

16 *April*, B.C. 49

Although I felt sure you would do nothing rash or inconsiderate, yet disturbed by rumor, I thought I should write you and beseech you that in view of our friendship you would do nothing, now that things have turned my way, that you thought you should not do while the issue was still unsettled. Otherwise you will do our friendship great wrong and yourself greater harm; for in deciding so late you will seem to be condemning some action of mine. In making such a decision you cannot be thought to be fol-

lowing fortune since I have been uniformly successful, and Pompey unsuccessful, nor following justice since his cause is the same as it was when you decided to hold yourself aloof. Nothing you could do could be a heavier blow to me. By the sacredness of our friendship I beg of you not to do so.

Finally, what becomes a good man and a patriotic and peace-loving citizen more than to keep away from civil dissensions? When you have investigated the record of my life and taken into account our friendship, you will find nothing more honorable, nothing more safe than to remain neutral.

Antony

LXX. (*Att.* X. 8 a)

ANTONY to CICERO (at Cumæ)

CAMPANIA, *April*, B.C. 49

Unless I loved you exceedingly, yes, very much more than you are aware, I should not have been alarmed at a rumor that has spread abroad concerning you, especially since I believe it false. But, because I am very fond of you, I cannot hide the fact that the mere rumor, no matter how unfounded it may be, concerns me greatly. I cannot believe that you are planning to cross the sea since you make so much of Dolabella and your daughter Tullia, a most excellent woman, and since you are made so much of by all of us Cæsareans, who are much more concerned for your standing and position than you are yourself. Still I have not thought it the part of a friend not to be disturbed by the

ill-natured gossip I've heard; and I have been the more in earnest about this matter because I was considering myself to be in the more difficult position by reason of our past misunderstanding, which was due to my jealousy rather than to anything you did; for I would have you believe that with the exception of my Cæsar you are dearer to me than any one, and that I am right in saying that Cæsar counts you chief among his friends.

Therefore I beg of you, my Cicero, to keep on pursuing a neutral course, not to trust yourself to one who that he might do you a favor (by bringing you back from exile) first did you a wrong (by driving you into exile); and, on the contrary, I beg you not to flee from one who, even though he might cease to love — an impossible contingency — will always be well-disposed toward your personal and political well-being. Therefore I have taken the pains to send to you my particular friend Calpurnius that you may know how solicitous I am for you personally and for your standing in the state.

MEANWHILE

Notwithstanding the coaxings of Cæsar and Antony, the advice of other friends like Cælius, and the admonitions of prudence, Cicero at last "screwed his courage to the sticking-point" and got away for Pompey's camp in Epirus when the fortunes of the *Optimates* were going most illy. He found everything in a sorry state, but by his bitter criticisms

he did not help matters. Finally a ray of hope broke out with Cæsar's defeat at Dyrrazzo, but died away into eternal gloom with his victory at Pharsalia. Upon the flight of Pompey the constitutionalists offered the command to Cicero, but he advised making peace with the victor. This pusillanimity so enraged the hotheads of the party that Pompey's son tried to cut him down. Then acting on the advice of Dolabella, Cicero crossed to Brindisi and threw himself on Cæsar's mercy.

MORE WORRIES

As the weary months dragged by pending the arrival of Cæsar, Cicero found plenty of time for questioning the propriety of his return. Then other worries came to dog the erstwhile father of his country; his wife, Terentia, was allowing her sense of thrift to draw her into some questionable financial transactions. This so shocked Cicero, who was the soul of financial honor, that a rupture was increasingly imminent. His son-in-law, Dolabella, was acting so scandalously that he was breaking Tullia's heart. But worst of all was the perfidy of Quintus and his son, who were trying to ingratiate themselves with the conqueror by defaming Cicero. This ingratitude shows what a wrench the breaking down of society was giving to the moral fibre of the individual. It was a case of each for himself and the "Devil take the hindmost." Still the historian is happy to relate that the Quinti atoned completely for their sin by dying bravely with

their illustrious kinsman when Antony sacrificed him to the gods of the new régime.

Over Having Returned

LXXI. (*Att.* XI. 6)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

BRUNDISIUM, 27 November, B.C. 48

You express approval of what I have done and maintain that in the circumstances there was nothing else for me to do. You also add that my act is approved of by others whose opinion has weight. If I thought so, I should grieve less. You say "Believe me." I do, indeed, but I know how eager you are to comfort me.

I have never regretted quitting the war. The Pompeians displayed such ferocity, such barbarity that they had planned a proscription, not merely of individuals, but of whole classes. It was unanimously decided the possessions of all you, I say all, who remained in Italy should be the booty of the victor; and in regard to you in particular every thought was full of atrocity. Therefore I shall never repent me of my resolve to return. It is the way I carried it out that worries me. I should have stayed in some town till I was sent for. By doing so I should have been the object of less gossip, of less annoyance.

In due season I shall return to Rome. Write to Oppius and Balbus for advice as to how I may best do so. Therefore do you plan for the future, and if you and they think best, the better to secure Cæsar's approval of my action, bring

Trebonius, Pansa, and others to testify that I acted on their advice and have them write Cæsar to that effect.

You refer to the death of Pompey. I never had any doubt about what would happen to him. All, kings as well as peoples, had become so sure of the hopelessness of his cause that I fancied he would be murdered wherever he went. I cannot but grieve for his fate. I came to know him as a real Roman gentleman, upright in his dealings with men and gods.

Shall I console you for the loss of Fannius? He used to talk most atrociously about your staying in Italy. There is Lentulus, too. He had promised himself Hortensius' mansion, Cæsar's gardens, and an estate at Baiæ (we should say Newport). Your Cæsareans, 'tis true, are acting in the same way; the only difference is that, if Pompey had won, the confiscations would have had no limit, for all who stayed in Italy were reckoned as enemies. We'll talk this over when our minds are more at ease.

Over Quintus' Perfidy

LXXII. (*Att.* XI. 9)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

BRUNDISIUM, 3 *January*, B.C. 47

In returning I yielded to my friends rather than obeyed them. The attitude of one of them (Quintus) you will see from the accompanying letters, which he dispatched to you and others. I should never have opened them if things had not come out as follows. The packet fell into my hands. I

opened it in case there were any letters for me. There were none; but one for Vatinius and another for Ligurius. I delivered the letters. Straightway Vatinius and Ligurius came burning with anger and crying out at the villainy of the fellow. They read the letters, which were full of abuse toward me. At this Ligurius became furious; for he knew, as he said, that Quintus was in high disfavor with Cæsar who had done him many favors and in particular had given him a large sum of money out of regard for me.

Stricken with grief over this blow, I wanted to know what he had written to others, for I thought it would do him harm if his despicable villainy should get noised abroad. I found other letters of the same tenor. I send them to you. If you think that to deliver them will be to his advantage, you will see to it that they reach their destination. To do so will do me no harm. That their seals have been broken need not matter, for Pomponia (Quintus' wife) has, I fancy, his signet.

I have written this on my birthday. Would my father had not acknowledged me on that day or that my mother had not had any more children. Weeping keeps me from writing further.

*Over Quintus' Fate*LXXIII. (*Att.* XI. 12)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

BRUNDISIUM, 8 March, B.C. 47

You write that it is not quite clear to you what excuse I intend giving Cæsar for having left Italy to join Pompey ; there is no need of a fresh excuse. I often sent word by letter and commission that I could not bear what people said about me for deserting Pompey ; for I wanted Cæsar clearly to understand that in so vital a matter I relied solely on myself for advice. In fact, later when Cæsar according to word that reached me through Balbus junior was of the opinion that my defection was due to the trumpeting of my brother, not yet being aware of what Quintus had spread abroad about me although he had reviled me plentifully to my face, I wrote Cæsar as follows :

“I am no less eager about Brother Quintus than about myself ; but in view of my present circumstances I dare not commend him to your good offices. Still I shall venture to ask and beg this of you, not to believe that he did anything to make me waver in my loyalty to you and in my affection for you, but rather that he always stood for harmony between us ; and when we left for Pompey’s camp, he went merely as a companion not as a leader. Therefore in all matters you will give him the consideration that your feelings of kindness and affection warrant. I beg and beseech you again and again that I may not prejudice him in your good graces.”

Therefore, if a meeting take place between Cæsar and me, although I feel sure that he will be lenient toward Quintus even as he has already declared, still I shall be toward my brother as I have always been.

Cicero's Second Apology

Meanwhile the period of durance at Brindisi came to an end. Cæsar returned and received his old friend graciously. Whereupon Cicero wrote the second of his apologies for having made a political compromise. (See page 59).

LXXIV. (*Fam.* VII. 3)

To MARIUS (at Pompeii)

ROME, *last of May*, B.C. 46

As I ponder over the common miseries in which we have been involved lo! these many years, and, as I fancy, will be, I am wont to call to mind the time we were last together. Nay even, I remember the very day, May 12 in the consulship of Lentulus and Marcellus (B.C. 49). When one evening I had arrived at my Pompeian villa, much disturbed in spirit, you met me. You were worried at the thought of what my duty was and of what danger I was in. If I stayed in Italy (and did not follow Pompey to the wars), you feared that I should fail in duty; if I went to the war, you were alarmed at the dangers threatening me. At this time you assuredly saw that I was so upset that I could not work out clearly what I should do. Nevertheless I preferred to yield to considerations of honor and reputation rather than of personal safety.

I repented having made this decision not on account of the risks I ran but because of the extremely bad situation I found upon reaching Pompey's camp: first, the forces were neither numerous nor valorous; then, with the exception of the chief and a few others—it is the leaders of whom I am speaking—the rest were so rapacious in their fighting, so cruel in their speech that I shuddered at the very idea of victory; the most distinguished among them were very deep in debt. In short, I found nothing good except the cause.

When I had grasped the facts, in despair of victory, first I began to advocate peace—a position I had always consistently maintained; then, when Pompey violently recoiled from this suggestion, I decided to urge him not to force the fighting. Sometimes he approved this course and gave evidence of following it; and, perhaps, he would have done so if the army had not taken confidence from the fighting around Dyrrachium. From that time on that most eminent gentleman displayed no signs of being a general; although his army was composed of raw troops, gathered in a haphazard fashion, he matched it with most thoroughly seasoned men; being defeated and having most shamefully lost his camp, he fled alone.

As far as I was concerned, I considered this the end of the war and I had no idea that, with our power broken, we could be superior when, with forces unimpaired, we could not be equal. I abandoned the war; for in it there was the

choice of being cut down in line of battle, or of dropping into some ambush, falling into the hands of the victor, taking refuge with Juba, going into what would be the same as exile, or committing suicide. Certainly there was no other choice if one were unwilling to trust one's self to the victor or did not dare to do so. Of all these possibilities the least disadvantageous was exile, especially in the case of an innocent person involved in no moral turpitude. There was this added consideration that in being exiled one would be deprived of a city in which nothing could be seen without causing grief. I chose to be with my family and with my property if, indeed, in these days one can call anything his.

I came home not with the idea of finding conditions of living entirely satisfactory but still, if some vestiges of the Republic remained, that I might enjoy what would be the same as my country; if not, what would be the same as exile. There seemed to be no good reason for committing suicide; many, why I should hope to die. There is an old saying: "Where one is not what one has been there is no excuse for one's wishing to live." But to be free of fault is a great solace especially since I have two means of support: my liberal education and pride in my great achievements; one of them will never be wrested from me in life, the other not even in death.

I have written you at some length and have put you to some annoyance because I know you to be fond of me and of the Republic as well. I wanted you to be familiar with

my whole course of reasoning that you might know first, that I desired no one to be more powerful than the state; then, that after Pompey's mistake strengthened Cæsar so that he was irresistible, I desired peace. You have a letter somewhat longer, perhaps, than you will like. I shall believe this of you unless you write me a longer one.

HELPING THOSE IN TROUBLE

Relieved of his uncertainty as to Cæsar's attitude toward him, Cicero now passed several months in comparative peace even though family troubles vexed his volatile soul: he divorced Terentia and married his rich ward, Publilia; money matters worried him and the ingratitude of the Quincti still rankled; Tullia divorced Dolabella. Yet Cicero got some comfort out of helping his fellows in distress, in indulging his bent for society, and in resorting to literary pursuits. Chief among his efforts to succour his friends were those he put forth in behalf of Marcellus and Ligarius. The *Pro Marcello* and the *Pro Ligario* together with numerous letters remain as witnesses to these endeavors.

*Marcellus*LXXV. (*Fam.* IV. 4)

To SULPICIUS (in Greece)

ROME, *October* (?), B.C. 46

Although I have always approved the course you followed in accepting the appointment as governor of Greece, yet I was all the more established in that opinion of mine

when I read your recent letter. Because there is such great confusion in the state, and all things by reason of most shameful strife lie so overwhelmed and prostrate that, wherever each one is, he accounts himself most wretched, you regret your going to Greece and deem us who are at home happy; but, on the contrary, I esteem you not free, it is true, from annoyance but blessed in comparison with us who are at Rome.

I have, however, the better of you in one respect because I learned of Cæsar's pardoning your colleague, Marcellus, a little before you did. Let me tell you that, since the inception of our troubles, that is, since the beginning of the civil war, no public act has been performed so in harmony with public procedure. When Marcellus' case was brought before him, Cæsar at first criticized his bitterness — that was the term he used — and in most honorable words praised your fairness and foresight; then, suddenly beyond all hope he said that not even in the case of such a man as Marcellus would he deny the Senate's request. For, when Cæsar's father-in-law had brought up the question of Marcellus' pardon and Caius Marcellus had fallen at Cæsar's feet, the Senate by preconcerted action rose in a body and approached him humbly.

In short, that day seemed to me so beautiful that I had a vision, as it were, of the rebirth of the state; and so, when all the senators, as the roll was called, thanked Cæsar, all except Volcatius who said he would not have pardoned Mar-

cellus had he been in Cæsar's place, I, being called upon, changed my mind; for not from laziness, by my faith, but from longing for the old constitution I had determined to keep quiet forever. But Cæsar's magnanimity and the Senate's loyalty broke down my resolution. Therefore I made a long speech in praise of Cæsar.

Ligarius

LXXVI. (*Fam.* VI. 14)

TO QUINTUS LIGARIUS (in exile)

ROME, 26 November, B.C. 46

Know you that I am devoting all my energies and resources carefully and zealously to your cause. I prefer for you to learn of my efforts, past and present, in your behalf from your friends rather than from me. But I would have you hear from me personally how confidently I hope for your pardon and on what I base my hopes.

If any one is timid in the presence of grave dangers and is ever fearing an adverse outcome rather than hoping for a prosperous one, I am he; and, if this is a fault, I confess that I am not free from it. Still (notwithstanding this pessimistic nature of mind), I feel hopeful about your case; for, when on the morning of the twenty-sixth at the request of your brothers, I called on Cæsar and endured the humiliation and annoyance of getting an audience with him, and your brothers and kinsmen were lying at his feet and I had spoken what was befitting your cause and circumstances, not only from Cæsar's conversation—which was very mild

and gracious — but also from his eyes and countenance and from many other signs — which it is easier to note than to describe — I went away with the feeling that there was no doubt of your being pardoned. Therefore be of good and courageous spirit and, if you bore your troubled times like a philosopher, bear your calmer days joyfully.

FINDING SOLACE

In his oration for Archias Cicero had most eloquently maintained the value of humanistic studies as a resource in time of trouble. He now put this theory into practice. We find him leading the life of a literary gentleman, holding receptions in the manner of the French salons, and wooing the muses in the seclusion of his villas. These pursuits are reflected in the letters of the time. Among his correspondents is Pætus, a *bon vivant* who will appear again; Varro, the encyclopedist whose learning was so vast that it seems to have awed Cicero into the constrained style he always uses when writing him; and Lepta to whom the orator gives some good advice on rearing children.

In Moving among Literary Circles

LXXVII. (*Fam.* IX. 20)

TO PÆTUS (at Naples)

ROME, *August*, B.C. 46

I was doubly pleased with your letter, both because I had a good laugh and because I learned that you could laugh again.

This is the kind of life I am now living: in the morning I receive calls from many of the *Optimates*, who are sad indeed, and from the Cæsareans, who rejoice in their victory. These latter pay very loving and respectful court to me. When the calls are over for the day, I wrap myself in my letters, either writing or reading. There also come those who listen to me as though I were a learned man because I am somewhat more learned than they are. After that what time is left I devote to the care of my body. I have quit worrying about our country, for I have already mourned her loss with a deeper grief and for a longer time than any mother ever grieved over the loss of her only son. See to it, I pray, that you keep well.

In Communing with Old Friends

LXXVIII. (*Fam.* IX. 16) TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (at Naples)

TUSCULUM, *July*, B.C. 46

Since you are worried as to how I am getting along with the new régime, know you that I am doing all I can to win the good will of your friends, the Cæsareans; not in vain I fancy, for all of Cæsar's favorites pay such court to me that I feel myself loved by them. As for Cæsar himself, I see no reason for being afraid. In no matter have I given him offense. In carrying out my policy I have acted with the greatest restraint; for as of old, since the liberties of the state rested in me, I felt that it was incumbent on me to speak freely, so, now that these have been undone, I feel I need to say nothing that will offend him or his favorites.

If I should desire, however, to avoid having my witty sayings talked about, I must get rid of the reputation I have for having a keen wit. When it comes to a sharp intellect, Cæsar himself displays great keenness of discrimination. Like your cousin Servius, a gentleman in my opinion highly educated, who, having ears trained by noting the different styles of poets and by familiarity with them, could easily say: "This line is Plautus', this is not," so Cæsar, as I hear, having got together collections of pithy sayings, is wont to reject as being spurious whatever is falsely ascribed to me. He has now all the better opportunity to do this since his intimates almost daily spend some time at my house. In the course of our varied conversation I let fall many a remark that in the telling seems to my auditors lacking neither in art nor in wit. These *bons mots* along with the news in the daily gazette are reported to Cæsar, for so are his orders. Thus it comes about that, if he hears anything about me from an unfriendly source, he pays no attention to it.

Now for your joking. What's this you say about inviting me to dine off fish chowder? Formerly, such was my compliance, I put up with such thrift on your part. Now the situation is changed. I have Hirtius and Dolabella as pupils in oratory, instructors in dining. No doubt, if the news reaches your ears, you have heard that these *bons vivants* are taking lessons in public speaking with me, I in cookery with them. Therefore it won't do you any good to have gone into bankruptcy. Formerly, when you had property,

questions of petty profit held your attention ; now, since you bear your losses with resignation, there is no reason that in setting me up a good dinner you should view the expense in any other light than that of an account gone bad ; such a blow from a friend is lighter to bear than from a debtor.

I don't demand a repast so extravagant that there be much left over. Let what there be be of high grade and in good taste. I should like to see the man brave enough to carry out your threat of setting before me a boiled squid red as the face of the rouged Jove. Believe me, you will not dare to do it ; for before I come, you will have heard of my newly found elegance ; you will be in dread of it. You needn't count on serving your usual relish ; I've sworn off on eggs, olives, and sausages : they used to make me ill.

But enough of this, I'll come on your own terms. Nay, to relieve your mind, you may go back to your old menu of cheese and fish. I'll cause you only one bit of extra expense ; the bath should be warm and ready, all else as of yore ; what I said above was in sport. There is material a plenty but little heart for joking.

In Living with Books

LXXIX. (*Fam.* IX. 1)

TO VARRO

ROME, (early in) B.C. 46

From a letter of yours that Atticus read to me I learned what you were doing and where you were but from the same letter I couldn't get an inkling of when I may expect

to see you. Still I hope your arrival is near. May it bring me comfort. Although we are troubled by worries so many and grievous that the wise ought to hope for no alleviation of them, yet either you can help me or I, perhaps, you.

Let me tell you that after I reached Rome, I returned into favor with my old friends, that is, my books. My estrangement from them, 'tis true, had been due not to my being out of humor with them but to a certain sense of shame, for I felt I had paid too little regard to their advice when I rushed into the whirl of politics with most untrustworthy associates. My books forgive me, take me back into our old-time relations and say that you were wiser for not letting go your friendship with them. Therefore since I am on good terms with them again, I ought to hope, I fancy, that if I see you I shall easily ride out all storms of present and future troubles. Accordingly if only we can get together, be it at Tusculum or Cumæ, or if such is your pleasure, at Rome — my last choice, there'll be a meeting, I'll warrant you, that will be adjudged as being entirely to our mutual advantage.

In Advising with Friends

LXXX. (*Fam.* IX. 2)

TO VARRO (at Tusculum)

ROME, *April* (toward the end) B.C. 46

As regards the present situation, I give you the same advice that I give myself, that we shun the eyes of men if we cannot their tongues. Those who are elated over the vic-

tory (of Cæsar at Thapsus) view us as among the conquered ; those who bear it ill that our side is defeated grieve at our surviving.

You will ask, perhaps, since such is the situation in the city, why I do not follow your example and absent myself. It occurred to me that it was a pretty notion to go into retirement somewhere that I might neither see nor hear what was going on or being said. But I was too anxious ; I thought that every one who met me, as it might advantage him, would have his suspicions of my actions or, if not, at least he would say : “ This fellow has taken fright and therefore is fleeing or he is planning something and has a ship ready.” Finally, whoever might suspect me least or, perhaps, know me best might think that I was running away because my eyes could not endure the sight of certain individuals. There you have my explanation of my course.

My advice is to hide where you are while this rejoicing is boiling over and until we hear how things have come out ; for come out, I feel they have. It will make a deal of difference as to what is the victors’ state of mind and what has really happened.

I would not, unless Rumor were too hoarse to cry the news, have you go to Baia ; for it will be more dignified for us, when we have gone hence, to be found as having gone where we may weep rather than where we may swim. But you will judge for yourself in this matter if only we keep our resolution of pursuing our studies together ; from them

formerly we sought only pleasure but now safety also. We may, too, if any one wishes to call us in, not only in the character of master-builders but also of artisans, even gladly hasten to help build the state; if no one needs our aid, still we can read and write treatises "On the State"; and, if not in the Senate and the Forum, at least in our literary endeavors and in our books as the most learned of the ancients did, we can govern the state and delve into questions of ethics and law. Such is my view of the situation. It will please me very much if you will write me what are your intentions and what you have decided to do.

In Corresponding with Friends

LXXXI. (*Fam.* VI. 18)

TO LEPTA

ROME, *January*, B.C. 45

There is no news from Spain; it is certain, however, that Pompey (son of the great Pompey) has a large army; for Cæsar sent me a copy of the letter from Paciaëcus that gave the number of Pompey's legions as eleven.

I rejoice exceedingly that you approve of my *Orator*. For myself I am persuaded that whatever judgment I have on oratory has been incorporated in that book. If it is such as to warrant the opinion expressed in your letter, then I too am of some moment; but, if otherwise, I am content for my reputation as a good judge to fall short just so much as does the book. I would have your son, young as he is, take delight in books of that sort; although he is still a lad, yet it

is well that language of that kind should ring in his ears.

Tullia's accouchement has kept me close at Rome. Although she, as I hope, has got her strength back pretty well, yet I am detained here till I receive the first instalment of her dowry from Dolabella's agents; furthermore, I am not as good a traveler as I used to be. My establishment and my ease delight me. My town house yields not a whit to any of my villas, and I have all the more leisure since the entire neighborhood is quite deserted. Therefore nothing interferes with my literary pursuits, in which I busy myself without interruption. Accordingly, as I fancy, I shall see you here before you see me there.

Let your charming son learn *Hesiod* by heart and let him have ever on his lips the passage beginning:

‘The gods have made toil a prerequisite to excellence.’

Grooming an Avenger of the Republic

This dilettante life soon palled on Cicero and the elation aroused by the pardon of Marcellus and Ligarius began to die down. Hence the old restlessness returned; it cropped out in such letters as this one to Cassius. The reader will not wonder that Antony charged Cicero with being the real fomenter of the conspiracy against Cæsar.

LXXXII. (*Fam.* XV. 18)TO CASSIUS LONGINUS
(at Brundisium)

ROME, (end of year) B.C. 46

My letter would have been longer had I not been asked for it just as the messenger was starting for you; longer too, if I had been in a mood for nonsense — for one can hardly be serious in a letter without danger. “Can we laugh, then?” you will say. Not, by my faith, very easily. But there is no other relief for our troubles. “Where then,” you will say, “is your philosophy?” Yours, indeed, is in the kitchen, mine in the school-room; for I am ashamed of being a slave. Therefore I make a show of being otherwise engaged that I may not hear the reproaches of Plato if I take part in public affairs.

There is, as yet, nothing definite about what is going on in Spain; in fact no news at all. That you are not here, for my sake I regret; for yours I rejoice. No more, for the messenger is calling. Farewell and love me as you have done from boyhood.

CHAPTER V

FINDING CONSOLATION IN WORK

INTRODUCTION

THIS chapter embraces the period from Tullia's death in February, B.C. 45, to August of the following year when the struggle to a finish began between Cicero, as leader of the constitutionalists, and Antony, the self-appointed heir to Cæsar's policy.

The death of Tullia was the crowning trial of a succession of woes: the civil war, the defeat and death of Pompey, the subversion of the constitution, the gossip of the ill-natured, the defection of the Quinti, and the greed of Terentia culminating in her divorce. At first Cicero was utterly disconsolate over the loss of his daughter and could do no more than write daily letters to Atticus in the hope of keeping himself busy. He evolved the scheme of erecting a shrine to Tullia; once set on this notion, he kept prodding Atticus for advice in the matter till the assassination of Cæsar startled personal matters from his consciousness. Meanwhile he had turned to his old love for consolation, feverishly producing in the year 44 alone his great books on *The Immortality of the Soul*, *The Nature of the Gods*, *Old Age*, *Friendship*, and *Duty*, as well as many other lesser works.

With the lapse of time the flame of hope lighted by Cæ-

sar's recognition of the Senate in the pardon of Marcellus began to dim. Cicero saw that his dream of giving counsel to a benevolent despot was all a castle in the air. Hence he was quite prepared in spirit for the *Ides of March* and that "feast" which took place only three months after his own entertainment of Cæsar at dinner; hence the exulting cry in his note to Basilus (XCVI). This elation soon, however, turned to dejection when Cicero came to realize that the tyrannicides had thought only of getting rid of their master and had no constructive plan for the revival of the constitution.

This feckless spirit of the stand-patters left the field open to such political freebooters as Antony or such opportunists as Octavian who began to play a game of consummate shrewdness to obtain control of the situation through the armies brought into being by the great dictator. Disheartened by the way things were going, Cicero started for Athens to visit his son, who was attending the university there; but he was driven back by adverse winds, which were more jealous of his reputation than he was himself. Returning to the city, he threw himself without reserve into the struggle which was to end with the death of the Republic.

There are many letters of interest in this portion of the *Correspondence*: the account of Cæsar's dining with Cicero (XCIII), Decimus Brutus' dispatch to Brutus and Cassius on the morning after the *Ides* (XCVII), the description of the

conference between the leaders of the *Optimates* — Brutus Cassius, Portia, and Cicero (CIII), and young Cicero's letter from college to Tiro (CX).

Literary matters are continually bobbing up in the letters of this period. There is Cicero's dedicatory note to Varro on the occasion of the publication of the *Academics* (LXXXVIII), the famous characterization of Brutus' style (CIV), and the suggestion that it might be a good plan to bring out an edition of Cicero's correspondence (CIX). There is much evidence that Cicero's works were creating quite a furor. Such of the élite as his staunch friend Cærellia and of the politicians as Balbus are found making copies of the *De Finibus* before it is officially published. So many of his friends, like Varro, kept fishing to be given a part in his dialogues that to save himself annoyance he determined to make use of only the dead for his characters. We note here again an observation made earlier in this edition that the feeling of what is appropriate plays a large part in Cicero's artistic consciousness. Brutus' oration, in Cicero's eyes, failed because it did not keep the occasion and the audience in mind. Catulus and Lucullus of the first edition of the *Academics* were displaced by Varro in the second, for his character was more suitable than theirs for discoursing on such learned matters.

Sorrow

The family life of Cicero was not an Arcadian idyl. There seems to have been little sympathy between the practical Terentia and her temperamental husband. Cicero junior bid fair to take after his mother. It was in Tullia that Cicero took his chief delight; hence her untimely death was a heavy blow.

LXXXIII. (*Att.* XII. 14)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ASTURA, 8 March, B.C. 45

You wish me peace; still you are witness that I have not failed myself. Nothing, in fact, has been written by anyone on comforting those that mourn that I have not read at your house. But grief masters all consolation.

Nay even, what no one before ever did I have tried, that is, write a book for my own consolation. I shall send you a copy when the scribes have taken it off. There is nothing like writing, I assure you, to comfort one in sorrow. I put in whole days at my desk, not that I may accomplish anything. But, at least, my grief is checked for a while. No, hardly checked—the blow is too heavy—but I am somewhat quieted, and I strive in every way to compose, not my spirit, but if I can, my countenance. Sometimes, in so doing, methinks, I sin; sometimes, if I do not. Retirement helps a bit; it would help more if you were here.

I have written you already about Brutus' letter to me. It was wisely composed but helped me not a whit. As he

wrote you, I should be glad of his company. That would certainly do me good since he loves me so much.

LITERARY PURSUITS

Time and the intrusion of literary efforts began to dull Cicero's sense of loss. In the letters that follow we note the pains that he took to observe the canon of appropriateness in style, the eagerness with which his friends sought a place in his dialogues, and the reception that the reading public gave his works.

*Literary Reciprocity*LXXXIV. (*Att.* XIII. 12)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

ARPINUM, 23 June, B.C. 45

You gave my speech for Ligarius a fine send-off. Hereafter, when I publish anything I shall give the advertising of it to you.

You suggest that I make a place for Varro in my writings. You know that heretofore I have been writing orations or species of literature in which it would not be suitable to make him an interlocutor. After I had begun what I may call my more literary works, Varro announced that he would do me the honor of dedicating to me his *De Lingua Latina*. Two years of steady running have passed by during which that fine pacer has advanced not even a cubit in his course. Still I am preparing to go him one better in the way of literary favors, if only I can, a saving clause

used by Hesiod too. My *De Finibus*, with which I am very well satisfied, I have betrothed at your advice to Brutus; I understand from you that he is nothing loth. (Let us solve the problem of what to do with Varro) by making him speaker in my *Academics* instead of Catulus and Lucullus who are made to talk too learnedly for men of noble birth but not of scholarly training. There is this added qualification in Varro that he holds the views of Antiochus, whom I follow in that work. I'll make it up to Catulus and Lucullus (by using them) in some other dialogue; still this is all subject to your approval; let me know your opinion on the matter.

Literary Chat

LXXXV. (*Att.* XIII. 13)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ARPINUM, 25 June, B.C. 45

What you wrote me about Varro so disturbed me that I took my *Academics* entirely away from its high-born interlocutors and gave it to our crony (Varro) and expanded it from two books to four. Their scope, take it all in all, is larger although many passages are more concise. I am very eager for you to let me know how you got an intimation of his wishes; in particular, who it is that he seems to be jealous of unless it, perchance, be Brutus. Think of the trouble I've been to! That's just like Varro. Still I am eager to know.

The book, indeed, has turned out so well that, unless I

am deceived by an egotism common to authors, there is nothing like it even among the Greeks. You will bear with equanimity the loss incurred from having put out the first edition to no purpose ; for the second is more imposing, concise, and excellent.

I am at a loss where to turn (for a subject for further endeavor). I am willing to humor Dolabella who is very eager to have some place in my writings. I can't find a suitable subject ; and, besides, I fear the town-talk (if Cicero should address a work to so noted a Cæsarean). Therefore I must stop writing or think out something not open to censure.

Choice of Characters

LXXXVI. (*Att.* XIII. 19)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ARPINUM, 29 June, B.C. 45

Your influence, I see, has brought my *Pro Ligario* a fine reception, for Balbus and Oppius have written that they approve of it heartily and that they have accordingly sent that attempt of mine at speech-making to Cæsar. So that was what you meant when you wrote me about it (the *Pro Ligario*).

As to the substituting of Varro for Catulus and Lucullus in the *Academics*, I should not be influenced by a desire to avoid the appearance of toadying—for it had become my policy not to include the living among the characters of my dialogues—but, because you write that Varro desires such a compliment and thinks highly of it, I have treated

the whole "Academic question" in four books and with very great care have solved it passably well. In the distribution of the parts, I have assigned to Varro the arguments advanced by Antiochus against the position that certainty of impression is unattainable; I myself answer him; you make the third speaker. If I had followed the advice given in a recent letter of yours and had represented Cotta and Varro as conducting the discussion, I should have been a mute character. Such an arrangement does very well when the setting is laid in ancient times. Heracleides used this method in many dialogues; I followed the same plan in my *De Re Publica* and in my *De Oratore*, of which I am very fond. In these books the characters are such that I had to make myself mute; for the speakers are Crassus, Antonius, Catulus senior, C. Julius, brother of Catulus, Cotta, and Sulpicius. This dialogue is supposed to have occurred in my boyhood; hence there was no part for me in the conversation.

The writings I am engaged on at present are arranged according to the custom of Aristotle who introduced characters in such a way as to leave himself the chief part. Accordingly I fashioned my five books *De Finibus* so as to assign the Epicurean arguments to Lucius Torquatus, the Stoic to Marcus Cato, and the Peripatetic to Marcus Piso. I thought that in this way I should give less occasion for jealousy since the speakers were all dead.

In my present task, the *Academics*, I had as you know

made Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius co-speakers with myself. The characters were ill-suited, however; for the discussion was so technical that one could hardly imagine their ever having dreamed such sentiments as they were uttering. Therefore I seized upon your suggestion about Varro as a gift from heaven; for no one could be better suited than he for that kind of argument, in which he takes great delight. Besides his assignment to that rôle saves me from the appearance of having my part come out victorious. The reasoning of Antiochus is very persuasive; for, being expressed very carefully by me, it has the acumen of Antiochus and the brilliancy of whatever gift of speech I may have. Whether the book is to be sent to Varro you will consider well. Certain objections occur to me, but more of that when we meet.

A Literary Celebrity

LXXXVII. (*Att.* XIII. 21, 4-7)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ARPINUM, 30 *June*, or 1 *July*, B.C. 45

Tell me, is it your pleasure to allow my manuscripts to get out without my permission? Not even Hermodorus, who according to the saying used to traffic in the works of Plato, would do this. "What am I hitting at?" Do you think it right that any one should have access to the book before Brutus, to whom at your suggestion it was dedicated? Balbus, in fact, has written me that you permitted him to copy off the fifth book of the *De Finibus*; and that, too, although

I have some changes to incorporate. You will do well to withhold the rest that Balbus may not have an incorrect and Brutus a stale copy. But enough on this matter, lest I may appear as making much out of trifles.

I almost forgot to tell you about Cærellia. She has become inflamed with such a zeal for philosophy that she is getting copies of my works from manuscripts in your possession. I assure you, as certainly as one can vouch for anything human, that she has not got them from mine; for they have never been out of my sight. To say nothing of the possibility of two copies having been made, my scribes have barely taken off one. Still I do not wish to find fault with your workmen nor would I have you do so either, for it had slipped my mind to say that I was not yet ready for the book to get into the hands of the public. Alack! Why so much about non-essentials? The fact is that I have nothing to write about.

A Dedicatory Epistle

LXXXVIII. (*Fam.* IX. 8)

TO VARRO

TUSCULUM, 11 OR 12 July, B.C. 45

Although not even the vulgar crowd is wont of itself to call for the fulfilment of a promise to present a show of gladiators, yet without any desire to annoy you I am persuaded by my eager expectancy to remind you of your offer (to dedicate to Cicero his *De Lingua Latina*). Herewith, then, please find four reminders (the four books of the re-

vision of the *Academics*). They are by no means bashful; for you know the youthful brass of the New Academy. Therefore I have subpoenaed them from among their fellows and have sent them to you. I fear they may be somewhat insistent, though I have merely asked them to seek a favor.

It was a long time I waited for you to carry out your promise and I confirmed myself in my determination not to anticipate you in dedicating by the desire to be able to reciprocate by a gift as nearly like yours as possible; but, since you were getting on with your task slowly — though diligently as I may believe — I could not be restrained from employing what literary skill I have to reveal how closely we are united in our pursuits and affection. Accordingly I have composed a dialogue, in which you, Atticus, and I are the characters. It was held in my villa at Cumæ. I have assigned the part of Antiochus to you; for, as I fancy, you hold his views. I took upon myself the character of Philo. No doubt, when you read the book, you will wonder at a conversation's being repeated that never took place; but you know the ways of dialogues.

A SOCIETY FAVORITE

As we have seen before, Cicero was very fond of social intercourse. Many letters reveal that side of his nature. In the next selection we get a glimpse of a house party at his Tusculum villa.

*A House Party*LXXXIX. (*Att.* XIII. 9)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

TUSCULUM, 18 *June*, B.C. 45

You had barely got away yesterday when Trebatius came, followed shortly by Curtius. The latter came to make a call but stayed upon invitation. Trebatius is still here. Dolabella came this morning. There was a great play of words till the day was about played out. Never could conversation have been more cordial or affectionate. It finally veered around to Quintus, Jr. Many of his pranks came up for discussion. They were all too bad for mention, one in particular which I should not dare to dictate to Tiro, let alone pen myself, except that it is the common talk of the camp ——. But enough on this wise.

As luck would have it, Torquatus came while Dolabella was here. The latter very graciously recounted how I enlisted his services in Torquatus' behalf. That I had taken much pains to do so was very true. Torquatus seemed very grateful for my interest.

I am waiting to hear from you what news you have about Brutus. Nicias (a gossip) thinks that Brutus' marriage with his cousin Portia is arranged for, but that his divorce of Claudia has met with public disapproval. Therefore I am as interested as you are; for, if there has been any scandal in the matter, this step will quiet it.

Food Substitutes

The next letter will probably strike a responsive chord in the hearts of those who during the war coöperated with Mr. Hoover in the use of food substitutes.

XC. (*Fam.* VII. 26)

To M. FADIUS GALLUS (at Rome)

TUSCULUM, B.C. 46

When I had been severely ill for ten days and when, because of having no fever, I could not persuade my clients of my indisposition, I fled for refuge to my villa here. Meanwhile I fasted so thoroughly that for two days I did not taste even water; for I feared that my trouble might be dysentery. But thanks to the change of locality or relaxation of mind, or, perchance, the abating of the disease through lapse of time, I seem better.

That you may not wonder whence the attack came or what law of hygiene I violated, it is the regulations in regard to the high cost of living that played a trick on me; for your Epicurean friends, wishing to popularize the use of garden herbs that are exempted from the provisions of the law, prepare mushrooms, mallows, and all kinds of greens so well that nothing could be more appetizing. When I had fallen upon such a mess at a dinner in honor of Lentulus' appointment to the augurate, such a violent attack of indigestion seized me that to-day only is there the first sign of its letting up; and so I who was easily resisting the allurements of oysters and other such dainties got taken

in by a beet and a mallow. The next time I shall be more cautious I assure you.

Public Speaking and Domestic Science

Herein we meet again with a jolly good fellow by the name of Pætus. Writing to him, Cicero represents himself as giving lessons in public speaking to some of the young bloods of Cæsar's party and in turn as receiving instructions from them in the art of dining.

XCI. (*Fam.* IX. 18)

TO PÆTUS (at Naples)

TUSCULUM, B.C. 46

Your most charming letter found me at Tusculum with nothing to do, for I had dispatched my disciples (Dolabella and Hirtius) to meet Cæsar and put him in good humor with me. You refer to Dionysius of Syracuse. By citing his example you show that you approve of my course. That tyrant, when he had lost his throne, according to reports opened a school at Corinth. In the same way I, now that I have lost my leadership at the bar by reason of the closing of the courts, have begun to hold school. Furthermore, I am pleased with my new occupation for several reasons: first, I fortify myself with the protection which in view of the times I sadly need. Next, I am myself improved; for my health, which became impaired when I left off training, is better, and the springs of what oratorical power I may possess have been kept from drying up.

Last, or perhaps you would say "First," I have demolished more peacocks than you have squabs. You delight yourself there with the gravity of your lawyer friend Haterius, I here with the gravity of my friend Hirtius. Come, therefore, if you are a man, and take a course in domestic science with me. Although doing so will be like Minerva's going to school to a pig, yet I will guarantee the instruction. In the class you shall have a teaching fellowship and occupy a seat next to me; the instructor's chair will come in good season.

A Prospective Guest

XCII. (*Fam.* IX. 23)

TO PÆTUS (at Naples)

CUMÆ (early in the winter), B.C. 46

Yesterday I arrived at Cumæ; tomorrow, perhaps, I shall be with you; when I am sure, I will give you due, if short, notice. Marcus Cæparius on meeting me in the forest of Gallinaria and on being asked how you were, said you were abed with an attack of the gout. I was sorry to hear of your indisposition still; I decided to go to you that I might get a glimpse of you, make you a visit, and even dine with you. I don't suppose that your cook has the gout also. Therefore be looking for a guest with a light appetite and a great antipathy for sumptuous repasts.

A Famous Dinner Party

One of the last dinner parties Cicero ever attended was his own party in honor of Cæsar. The orator had worried

much at the prospect and was glad to get the ordeal off his mind. The tenseness of the situation will be manifest to the reader of this letter especially when he remembers that within three months of its date Cæsar was dead, and Cicero had addressed to Basilus his scream of triumph over the assassination.

XCIII. (*Att.* XIII. 52)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, 19 *December*, B.C. 45

What a fearsome guest! and yet I do not regret his visit, for it was very delightful. On the second day of the winter holidays he put up at the villa of Octavius' stepfather, Philippus. The company so packed the establishment that there was hardly a place left for Cæsar to dine in; two thousand men there were. You may be sure I was disturbed as to the morrow; but Barba Cassius came to my relief; he posted guards, made camp in the fields, and protected my villa.

Cæsar stayed with Philippus until noon of the next day; nobody was admitted to his presence; no doubt, he was going over his accounts with Balbus. Then (coming to Cicero's villa) he took a walk on the seashore; at one o'clock a bath. Then word was brought him concerning Mamurra; he did not move a muscle of his face. He next took a rub down in oil, after which he dined. Since he was undergoing a course of emetics, he ate and drank without fear and with pleasure. The dinner was well got up, and not only that

but it was well cooked and well seasoned; the conversation was delightful; and, to take it all in all, everything went off agreeably.

Besides, in three rooms Cæsar's suite was entertained very bountifully. The ordinary attendants and the slaves had all they wanted; the more fashionable guests were served right elegantly. In fact, I showed off as a good provider.

As for my guest, he is not one to whom one would say: "Pray, my good fellow, on your way back stop off again with me." Once is enough. The talk avoided politics but fell much on literary topics. In short, he was in a charming and agreeable mood. He was to spend one day at Puteoli and another at Baiæ. There you have an account of his visit, or shall I say his billeting, which, though it brought me some trouble, as I have said, occasioned me little annoyance.

BITTER THOUGHTS

This appearance of good-fellowship was, however, only a pose; underneath rankled a sore spot. Cicero could not forgive Cæsar for having given the death stroke to the Republic. This animus appears in the letters of this time and prepares us for the exultant cry of epistle XCVI.

At the close of the following letter Cicero makes a noteworthy comment on the part writing plays in the education of the orator.

*Cæsar's Usurpation*XCIV. (*Fam.* VII. 25)

TO M. FADIUS GALLUS

TUSCULUM, 25 (about) *August*, B.C. 45

You grieve that you have torn up my letter to you concerning (Cæsar's favorite) Tigellius. Don't worry; it's no matter; there's a copy ready for you at your pleasure. You advise me not to offend Tigellius; I am very much obliged and I hope you will always be so thoughtful. You seem to fear that, if I make an enemy of him, I may laugh out of the wrong side of my mouth.

But alas! Order in the schoolroom! The master (Cæsar from Spain) is here sooner than we expected. I fear there may be a cat-o'-nine tails for us *Catonians*.

My Gallus, be assured that the part of your letter, beginning "all else is giving way," is best of all. Hear this in secret, keep it to yourself, tell it not to your trustworthy freedman Apelles; none except us writes in such a confidential way (about political matters). Whether it be a good way I know not; still it is our own. Therefore press on and do not ease up on your pen a whit, for writing is the artificer of oratory.

*Cæsar's Juggling of the Offices*XCV. (*Fam.* VII. 30)

TO CURIUS (at Patræ)

ROME, *January*, B.C. 44

No, I do not ask you or urge you to return home. Nay rather I am eager to fly hence and go somewhere:

“Where I shall hear of neither the name nor the acts of our grandees.” It is incredible how ashamed I am of being a witness to what is about to happen here. Surely, when you took yourself hence, you were wonderfully prescient of the future. Although it is a bitter thing to hear of the goings on here, yet one can stand them better in the hearing than in the seeing.

At least you were not present at the election for quæstor when at seven o'clock in the morning a chair was set for Quintus Maximus, who was popularly supposed to be Cæsar's candidate. When word was brought of Maximus' death, the chair was taken away. Moreover, Cæsar, who had tended to the auspices for the election by tribes, also held those for the centuries. At noon he announced the election of the consul who would hold office until the first of January, that is, until the next day. Know you, therefore, that in the consulship of Caninius nobody breakfasted. Still I should be satisfied that in his consulship no evil deed took place, for he was so vigilant that in his term of office he did not close his eyes in sleep.

This state of affairs, no doubt, seems ridiculous to you — you were not present. If you had been, you would not have held your tears. Why write further? There are innumerable incidents of the same sort. I could not endure them unless I had betaken myself for refuge to philosophy and unless I had our friend Atticus as a companion in my studies.

THE IDES OF MARCH

Meanwhile Fate was speeding the Roman world to one of those malicious turns with which she delights to confound mankind. On the fifteenth of March Cæsar fell and Cicero wrote the next letter. Cicero's feeling toward Cæsar becoming increasingly evident in the letters, has probably prepared my readers for the animus of this short note to Basilus. If not, they should remember that the Romans had a way of killing obnoxious politicians and that Cicero was a most vehement champion of *mos maiorum* (ancestral usage).

Sic Semper Tyrannis!!

XCVI. (*Fam.* VI. 15)

TO BASILUS

ROME, *Ides of March* (?) B.C. 44

Congratulations for you! Felicitations for myself! My dear fellow, I am entirely at your service. I would have you love me and keep me informed of what you are doing and what is going on.

Waiting for Something to Turn up

In this crisis the *Optimates* displayed the same temporizing characteristics that wrecked their cause at the outbreak of their struggle with Cæsar. This letter from D. Brutus to the conspirators who had taken refuge on the Capitol after the assassination of Cæsar is quite consonant with all their doings. That it should have found its way into the *Cor*



THE ROMAN FORUM

respondence shows what a good nose Tiro had for news and how meagre would have been our knowledge of the times had he not made such an intelligent garnering of his master's sheaves.

XCVII. (*Fam.* XI. 1) DECIMUS BRUTUS to MARCUS BRUTUS
and CAIUS CASSIUS (on the Capitol)

ROME, 17 *March* (morning), B.C. 44

Think you on the circumstances in which we are involved. Yesterday I had a conference with Hirtius. He set forth the attitude of Antony toward us, most unfriendly, as you may suppose, and most untrustworthy. For Antony said he could not confirm my appointment (as governor of Cisalpine Gaul) and he was of the opinion that it was safe for none of us to stay in the city; the animosity of the soldiers and of the populace against us is so fierce. I fancy you feel that neither reason is Antony's real one and that the truth is, as Hirtius makes clear, that Antony is in fear lest, if we should command even a moderate backing, there would be no place for him and his in politics.

Since we were involved in these straits, I came to the conclusion that all of us should be sent on public legations (all expenses paid). This would give us a good excuse for leaving Rome. Hirtius promised to secure us the appointments. I doubt his power to do so; so bitter is the feeling against us. Even though our request be granted, yet I fancy we shall be pronounced public enemies and be denied the

use of fire and water (banished). "What, then," you will say, "is your advice?" We must yield to fortune, leave Italy, go to Rhodes, or somewhere else. If things develop for the better, we will return to Rome; if they prove tolerable, we will remain in exile; if they turn to the worse, we will have recourse to extreme measures.

The thought will occur to some of you why not resort to such action now rather than to wait. Why, the fact is that we have no hope of resistance except in Sextus Pompeius or in Bassus Cæcilius, who, no doubt, will be strengthened in their position when they hear of Cæsar's death. It will be time enough to go to them when we know how strong they are.

I shall give guarantees for you and Cassius if you so wish; Hirtius demands that I do so. I ask you to reply as soon as possible, for I am sure that Hirtius will bring me more definite word before ten o'clock. Let me know where we can meet and whither you would have me come.

Losing no Time

Nature abhors a vacuum; and so, when the regicides neglected to form a government Antony stepped into the vacancy. He represented himself as having fallen heir to the policies of Cæsar and he began to administer affairs accordingly. Whereupon, Cicero sensing a repetition of what went on during the contest with Cæsar hauled in his horns and began another period of anxious questioning.

XCVIII. (*Att.* XIV. 12)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, 22 *April*, B.C. 44

O my Atticus (when I see how Antony is juggling the acts of Cæsar), I fear the *Ides of March* have brought me no gain except joy and the satisfaction of our feelings of hatred and chagrin. You know how I love the Sicilians and how proud I am to be their patron. Cæsar did them many favors all of which met my approval except the law conferring the Latin franchise. Lo! now for a large bribe Antony has posted a law said to have been brought by the dictator before the Comitia; according to this law the Sicilians became full Roman citizens. When Cæsar was alive, there was no mention of such a bill. Again; is not the act of our friend Deiotarus (in appropriating his neighbors' territory) of the same sort? To be sure, he was entitled to their possession, but not to have the title quieted through Fulvia (Antony's wife, the consideration being 10,000,000 sesterces — \$450,000).

Octavius is here; he is treating me in a very honorable and friendly fashion; his followers are saluting him as Cæsar; his father-in-law, Philippus, and I refuse to do so. What think you when a boy (Octavius) goes to Rome where our liberators cannot safely be? And so I am eager to get away:

“Where I shall neither see the grandees —” you know the rest. In fact, I am not greatly enamoured of the consuls-elect (Pansa and Hirtius), who — such is my compliance — constrain me to give them lessons in public speak-

ing so that I have no vacation even at this watering place.

I have written this letter while at table with Vestorius who for all his being an expert accountant is not very much of a philosopher.

In a Quandary

XCIV. (*Att.* XVI. 13)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, or CUMÆ, 26 *April*, B.C. 44

You think that I cannot tell whether I prefer the hill scenery (of Arpinum) or the sea views (at Puteoli). There is, as you say, so great a charm in both places that I cannot decide between them:

“But we are not concerned with the delights of feasting; for we are in great fear, O ward of Zeus, as we look into the face of trouble; whether we shall be saved or lost is in doubt.”

If civil war breaks out, I am not clear as to what I should do, for I shall not be allowed to remain neutral as was the case in the war with Cæsar. Whomsoever the Cæsareans believe to have rejoiced at the death of Cæsar, they will account as enemies. The only thing that I can do, then, is to betake myself to the camp of Sextus or, perchance, that of Brutus. Still, the affair is annoying, quite alien to one of my years; the outcome of the struggle is uncertain and we can say to each other:

“My son, warlike preparations are not for thee; concern thyself with the charms of conversation.”

Let Fortune make the decision; in such matters she is wont to have more weight than does reason. Come what may, I shall console myself with my literary pursuits and no less with the *Ides of March*.

Hear now what worries me as I deliberate whether to go to Greece or to stay in Italy; many considerations come to mind. If I set out for Greece as I had planned under appointment (from Dolabella), I will avoid somewhat the impending conflict; yet I am sure to be the subject of criticism for having failed the state in its hour of peril. If I stay in Italy, I do so at some risk; but I suspect I can be of some service to my country. Besides, there is this personal consideration that in going to Athens I may strengthen my son (in his college duties). Therefore in this whole matter you will ponder, as is your wont, on whatever concerns me.

DOLABELLA TO THE RESCUE!!

In the midst of this paltering of the *Optimates*, Dolabella stepped into the limelight. By dealing in summary fashion with the riotous rabble of the streets, he encouraged Cicero to hope that the leader who would restore the Republic had been found. This hope collapsed rather comically when Cicero came to realize that his hero might default in the repayment of Tullia's dowry.

That Cicero could have been author of the following letters about Dolabella's exploit is remarkable. They were written by one of the most humane of the Romans in lauda-

tion of the scamp who had broken Tullia's heart, to a cruel brute whose hands were red with the blood of innocent men. What is the explanation? Cicero is the champion apologist for the Fascisti method of dealing with political and social questions. Readers of his orations against Catiline will remember the extravagant praise heaped on patriots that used more vigorous measures toward traitorous citizens than toward foreign enemies — to Cicero a traitor was one who wished to change the constitution. Cicero saw that order is the first essential to civilization; hence when due process of law failed to preserve order, he looked with favor upon any one who would take the task into his own hands. This attitude of Cicero's made him a failure. It caused him to sully his good name by this fulsome laudation of Dolabella; it prevented him from having any constructive policy of statecraft. He looked backward, not forward.

A Leader (?) at Last!

C. (*Att.* XIV. 15)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

CUMÆ, 1 May, B.C. 44

What a marvellous fellow is my Dolabella! "Mine," I say, though I was beginning to have some doubts about him. A great sight to see was his exploit. To think that he hurled some of Cæsar's partisans from the Tarpeian rock, crucified others, pulled down the column erected in Cæsar's honor, and let a contract to pave the site! In short, he acted like a hero of old.

He seems to have done away with the growing affectation over the loss of Cæsar which, getting a foothold as the days went on, was, as I feared, becoming dangerous to the regicides. Now I agree with you that the situation is looking up; and I have hopes for the better though I cannot put up with your friends who, while they affect to wish peace, defend execrable doings. Things are beginning to go better than I had thought possible. I'll not go to Greece, at least, not until I can do so without arousing public talk; for I will not desert my Brutus, who, to say nothing of our being particular friends, merits my support by reason of his singular and remarkable worth.

A Letter of Congratulation

CI. (*Att.* XIV. 17a—*Fam.* IX. 14)

TO DOLABELLA

POMPEII, 3 *May*, B.C. 44

Although, my Dolabella, I was satisfied with the glory which you already had and although I took great pleasure in it, yet I cannot but confess that I am overcome with joy because the common talk associates me with your exploit (overthrowing Cæsar's column); and so I ask you to allow me to share in another's glory as though by inheritance and to have some part in the praise you are receiving; for nothing is more comely, beautiful, and lovely than a virtuous action.

Who could suppose that there could be any addition to the love I bore you? Yet this deed of yours has added so

much that what appears now merely to have been affection has at length become love. Why, then, should I presume to urge you to serve honor and glory? Shall I, as exhorters are wont to do, set before you the examples of famous men? I can cite none more famous than yourself. Therefore you should imitate yourself, vie with yourself. Since this is so, there is no need of exhortation; it is congratulation that I should employ, for beyond anyone of whom I have ever heard in the infliction of summary punishment you have had the good fortune not only of not incurring odium but even of getting popularity and favor among both the *Optimates* and the *Populares*. You have freed the city from danger and the state from fear, and your performance was of the utmost service not only in meeting the present crisis but as offering a precedent for the future. Since our safety and that of the state depends on you, see to it, my Dolabella, that you protect your person most diligently.

A Fallen Idol

CII. (*Att.* XIV. 18)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

POMPEII, 9 May, B.C. 44

You keep prodding me because I seem to laud Dolabella's exploit heaven high. I approved of it, to be sure, yet I was encouraged to do so by more than one of your letters; but by refusing to pay what he owes me he has entirely alienated my affection. O impudent fellow! The obligation was due January first; as yet he has not paid although he

has rid himself of his huge debts by getting Cæsar's secretary to countersign drafts on his master's funds and has sought relief from his financial troubles by relieving the goddess Ops (of the funds deposited with her for the Parthian war). You needn't take from this joke of mine that I am too greatly alarmed about the debt. I have written Dolabella, however, a letter with something of a sting to it; though it may do no good, yet it will, I fancy, not make him eager to see me.

A Conference of the Optimates

After three months of waiting for something to turn up, the Republican leaders gathered for a conference. It was an illustrious company: Brutus, Portia, Cassius, Servilia—Brutus' mother, and Cicero were there. Little came of the meeting except the suggestion that Brutus and Cassius might go east and organize the Orient against the Cæsareans.

CIII. (*Att.* XV. 11)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

ANTIUM, or ASTURA, 8 *June*, B.C. 44

I arrived at Antium on the 8th. My coming pleased Brutus. In the presence of many auditors, including his mother Servilia, his sister Tertia, and his wife Portia, he asked me for my opinion. I gave him the advice I had thought out on the road—namely, that he should accept the appointment as grain commissioner for Asia; that our chief aim now was to secure his safety, for the only hope for the state lay in him. When I was in the midst of my

speech, Cassius came in. I repeated what I had said. At this point with undaunted eyes—you would say, “He breathed defiance”—Cassius declared he would not accept the appointment for Sicily. “Could I,” said he, “have accepted an insult as a favor?” “What then,” said I, “do you propose to do?” He replied, “Go to Greece.” “And how about you?” said I to Brutus. “To Rome,” he answered, “if you think best.” “Not at all,” I said, “for you will not be safe.” “But suppose I can be safe?” I then set forth arguments—they surely occur to you—why he could not be safe there.

Then there was much talk in the way of complaint and Cassius especially found fault with Decimus Brutus for being negligent. Saying that we should not bring up bygones, I agreed however with the charge. Thereupon I began to give my idea of what should have been done—nothing new, the stock talk of everybody—without touching on the point that some one else (Antony) besides Cæsar should have had a taste of the dagger, but that the Senate should have been convoked, that the patriotic fervor of the populace should have been further aroused, and that Brutus and Cassius should have assumed charge of affairs. At this point your friend (Servilia) exclaimed, “I never heard such stuff.” I stopped her. The upshot of the conference was that Cassius will probably go abroad—Servilia* pro-

* A remarkable woman, mother of Brutus and an intimate friend of Cæsar. Rumor had it that Cæsar was sire of Brutus. During this time

mised she would get him relieved from the appointment as grain commissioner — and that our friend Brutus quickly gave up his foolish intention of going to Rome. He decided, however, to proceed with his plan of offering public games; they will be presented in his absence under his patronage. I am inclined to think that he wishes to make for Asia.

Not to be tedious, the only thing about our gathering that pleased me was my conscience, for it wouldn't have done for me to let Brutus get out of Italy without my meeting him. Having performed this act of love and courtesy, I can now say to myself:

“What did your journey here, O seer, amount to?”

I found the ship of state going, or rather, gone to pieces; no order, plan, or reason. Therefore I am strengthened in my decision to fly hence and that, too, as soon as possible:

“Where neither the deeds nor the fame of the Pelopidæ will reach my ears.”

BRUTUS' ORATORY

About this time the task of presenting the regicides in the right light before the people had fallen to Brutus. His effort fell flat. Atticus kept bothering Cicero to write a speech for Brutus by way of sample. Cicero from sad experience knew how Brutus could snub people; hence the rather nettled tone of the following letter.

when the government was ceasing to function, she was a sort of invisible government, acting as an intermediary.

*The Brutine vs. the Ciceronian Style*CIV. (*Att.* XIV. 20)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, 11 May, B.C. 44

You urge me to write a speech (for Brutus) to deliver before an assembly of the people. Let me lay down an axiomatic proposition on a matter on which from long practice I am an authority: there never was a poet or an orator who thought any one better than himself. I experienced the truth of this statement in the case of Brutus' recent proclamation. At your request I had submitted to him a draft for the edict: mine pleased me; his, him. Therefore, I pray, let each do his own writing:

"Let each man have his bride to himself, mine for me;
Each his love for himself, mine for me."

A by no means clever verse, quite typical of Atilius, rough and rude poet that he is. I hope that Brutus may be allowed to deliver his speech; for, if he can be safe in the city, we have won. Otherwise there is no hope in him; for as a leader of a new civil war he will be followed by no one or at the most by those who are easily conquered.

It seems he and Cassius want me to reform Hirtius (consul-elect). I am doing my best and the fact is that he talks well (patriotically); but he is on intimate terms with Balbus (a Cæsarean) who likewise talks well (persuasively). You may imagine, then, what to expect. It is Dolabella, who seems to please you that I am counting on most. I have

been much with Pansa (the other consul for next year). He thoroughly satisfied me as to his loyalty to the cause and as to his desire for peace. Antony, I see, is manifestly looking for a cause for war. Dolabella's first act (his razing of Cæsar's column) and his recent speech against Antony appear to have accomplished much. The situation was already improving, but at last we seem likely to have what the towns and the *Optimates* most needed — to wit, a leader.

You cite Epicurus as an authority for your position that a wise man should not engage in politics. I should think that Brutus' long face would keep you from talk like that.

Brutus' Style Again

After delivering the speech referred to in the previous letter Brutus submitted a manuscript of it to Cicero for correction preparatory to publishing it. From Cicero's criticism it is clear that Shakespeare in his great tragedy hit off Brutus' style pretty well.

To get the point of this letter it will be necessary to remember that there were three schools of oratory in vogue at Rome: the flamboyant style as exemplified in Hortensius, Cicero's great antagonist; the severe — the so-called Attic — as affected by Cæsar and Brutus; and an intermediate as championed by Cicero.

The play on Atticus' name lies in his having been given it for his patronage of Athens.

CV. (*Att.* XV. 1 a)

To ATTICUS (at Rome)

SINUessa, 18 May, B.C. 44

Brutus has sent me his speech that he delivered before the assembly on the Capitol. He wants me to correct it frankly before he publishes it. He has composed it with all possible good taste in thought and expression. If, however, I had had such a case to handle, I should have displayed more fire. You note what the theme is and understand the character of the speaker; therefore I cannot do his bidding, for as regards the style of oratory that Brutus wishes to follow, in this oration he has attained his ideal to the utmost. I have set before myself another ideal; whether rightly or wrongly I know not.

I should like you to read the speech, unless you have already done so, and to let me know what you think of it. Possibly in submitting it to you I run some risk of your siding against me, for under the spell of your name you may be biased in favor of the Attic School, which Brutus affects. Still, if you will call to mind how Demosthenes could fulminate, you will understand how one can speak in the most powerful manner and yet be thoroughly Attic. But more on this subject when we meet.

LITERARY MATTERS

In the midst of all these engrossing matters Cicero's letters of the time reveal him as keeping up his literary interests. Now, it is a question of where he may best woo the

muse; again, we find him having some commerce in books with Cleopatra, engaged with his old friend Trebatius in learned conversation over his cups, complimenting the historian Nepos, and contemplating an edition of his letters.

Home

CVI. (*Att.* XV. 16 a)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

Arpinum, June, B.C. 44

Let me tell you, this place is charming, retired to be sure and if one wishes to write, free from interruption. But somehow or other, "there is no place like home"; and so I shall hie me back to Tusculum. Besides, I should soon tire of the scenery here; it is so tame. I fear rainy weather, too, unless my studies in prognostications * fail me, for the frogs are declaiming.

Cleopatra

CVII. (*Att.* XV. 15)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

Arpinum, 13 June, B.C. 44

The queen is an awful bore. (The idea of her spreading around "shady" stories about some presents she promised me!) Her agent Hammonius knows that the requests I made of her were quite consistent with my position in the state and among scholars, and such as I should not be ashamed to cry abroad. When I call to mind the insolence of the queen herself during her stay in the gardens across the Tiber (the gardens of Shakespeare's play), I can hardly con-

* Cicero's *De Divinatione* is extant.

tain myself. Therefore I will have nothing to do with her or her crew.

The Philosopher at Play

CVIII. (*Fam.* VII. 22)

TO TREBATIUS (at Rome)

TUSCULUM (?), *June* (?), B.C. 44

You made fun yesterday over our cups because I maintained that the doctors disagreed over the question whether an heir could sue for a theft that had taken place before he had succeeded to the inheritance. Accordingly, although I got home pretty well muddled and rather late, I took a note of the chapter in which the point is discussed; and having copied it out I am sending it to you that you may know that Sextus Ælius, Manius Manilius, and Marcus Brutus all hold the view that you denied was ever maintained by any one. I, however, take the opposite side along with you and Scævola.

Chat

CIX. (*Att.* XVI. 5)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, 9 *July*, B.C. 44

I am looking for the letter from Nepos. What does he want? It cannot be that he is eager for my works, he who thinks that what I take intense delight in is not worth reading. You say that as an historical writer he ranks next to me. No, in that capacity I come second to you; whereas he is a veritable immortal.

No, there is no considerable collection of my correspondence; but Tiro has gathered letters to the number of seventy. There are also some to be got from you. I must look them up and edit them. Then they shall be published.

A Letter from College

During these months there arose the problem of getting young Cicero started in life. He had wanted to enlist with Cæsar, but his father wished him to go on with his schooling and had bought him off with the promise of as much spending money as any of the leaders of society gave their sons. The lad matriculated at the University of Athens with an annual allowance of 100,000 sesterces (\$4500). Of course he went to the bad. A prime agent in this degeneration was a young tutor by the name of Gorgias. Pretty soon sinister reports drifted homeward. The machinery of the family was set going to check the young prodigal. Father Cicero issued orders, Uncle Atticus gave advice, and the banking correspondent at Athens tightened up on the purse strings. Some impression seems to have been made. At least this letter was written. It will be noticed that it is not addressed to the father but to the private secretary Tiro, who could be counted on to spread the good news most effectively.

CX. (*Fam.* XVI. 21)

CICERO, JR., to TIRO

ATHENS, B.C. 44

I had been looking for a letter when one finally came, forty-six days out. Its arrival brought me the keenest joy; for in addition to the pleasure I got from the kind words of my father your most delightful letter filled my cup of joy to overflowing. Accordingly, I was not sorry that there had been a break in our correspondence, but rather was I glad; for I profit greatly by your writing after my long silence. Therefore I rejoice exceedingly that you have accepted my excuses.

I don't doubt, my dearest Tiro, that you are deeply gratified over the rumors that are reaching your ears, and I will guarantee and strive that with the passing days this nascent good report may be increased two-fold. You may, therefore, keep your promise of being a trumpeter of my good repute, for the errors of my youth have brought me such pain and sorrow that not only does my soul recoil at the acts themselves but my ear shrinks from the very mention of them. I know full well that you shared in the anxiety and worry of this experience.

Since I then brought you sorrow, I'll warrant that now I will bring you joy in double measure. Let me tell you that I am associated with Cratippus not as a disciple but as a son, for not only do I listen to his lectures with pleasure but also I am greatly privileged to enjoy him in person. I am with him all day and very often a part of the night since by much

pleading I often succeed in getting him to dine with me. Now that he has got used to this habit, he often drops in on me at dinner time and, laying aside the severe demeanor of a college professor, he jokes with me like a human. See to it, therefore, that you embrace the earliest opportunity of meeting the eminent gentleman, of finding out what he is like, and of becoming acquainted with his merry disposition.

What now shall I say of Professor Bruttius? I keep him with me all the time. He is a regular stoic in his habits of life but a jolly good fellow withal, for he is very much of a wit both in his lectures and in his discussions. I have hired lodgings for him next door, and, as best I may, out of my slender purse I relieve him in his slender circumstances.

Besides, I am studying public speaking in Greek with Cassius. I am planning to do the same with Bruttius in Latin. On Cratippus' recommendation I am on very intimate terms with certain learned gentlemen whom he brought with him from Mytilene. I also spend a good deal of time with Epicrates, the chief Athenian, Dean Leonidas, and other men of that sort. So much for what I am doing. (Of course, I followed your suggestion as to getting rid of Gorgias, though to tell the truth he was a great help in my daily exercises.) Still I laid aside all considerations if only I might obey my father who had sent me unequivocal orders to dismiss him instantan.

I am deeply grateful to you for looking out for my com

missions; please send me as soon as possible a secretary, by all means one who knows Greek; he will save me much labor in copying out my notes. Of all things, be sure to take care of yourself that we may be able to pursue our studies together. I commend to you Anterus (the postman).

CHAPTER VI

CARRYING ON

INTRODUCTION

IN the final chapter of Cicero's career we can say of him as Shakespeare did of the thane of Cawdor :

“Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it.”

Gone was all his temporizing, all his vacillation, his egotism. In their stead came decision, renewed devotion to his ideal (his conception of the state), self-abnegation. There flared up in him a wonderful flame of energy. During the last half year of the Republic he was the state. The government had ceased to function. He stepped into the breach, galvanizing the body politic into a semblance of life by his *Philippics*; organizing resistance to the forces of dissolution by lining up the provinces; writing almost daily dispatches to Decimus Brutus and Plancus in the Gauls, Cornificius in Africa, Marcus Brutus in Macedonia, or Cassius in Syria. Coupled with these preoccupations that pressed hard on his weary soul was a phenomenal literary activity. During this time he not only delivered the fourteen *Philippics* but brought to completion that wonderful burst of literary production begun earlier in the year when ten works, many of several volumes each, were published.

Cicero himself well characterizes his activities in the conclusion to his last friendly letter (CXVIII) where he says: "Night and day I do nothing, care for nothing except that my fellow citizens be safe and free."

It is nerve-racking to read these last letters. Here we see the old consular carrying the firmament of the state on his weary shoulders. He has "words only with which to contest arms." His correspondents meet his calls to patriotism with pleas for self preferment; or his exhortations to come quickly with an insolent standing on petty prerogative.

Still that she may make the reversal all the more dramatic Fortune grants the embattled hero a season of prosperity. All goes well for a time. The consuls disappoint the malevolent by proving loyal. Octavian moves energetically to block Antony; D. Brutus shows signs of real activity; Cornificius keeps Africa in line; Brutus and Cassius take over Greece and the East. Even such "side-steppers" as Plancus and Pollio profess devotion to the constitution. The climax comes April 21 with the operations around Mutina (Modena). The victory at Forum Gallorum, the release of D. Brutus from siege, the rout of Antony, when reported at Rome, work Cicero and the constitutionalists up to a high pitch of elation. Then follows the reversal as messengers announce the death of the two consuls, Octavian's refusal to support Brutus, the escape of Antony, his union with Ventidius, and his agreement with Lepidus. The drama closes

with Cicero's last despairing cry to Brutus and Cassius for help.

The general reader will be most interested in the letter to Trebonius in which Cicero regrets that he had not been invited to the feast on the *Ides of March*, in that to Brutus on the death of Portia, and in the one to Furnius in which the ideal of patriotism is set forth with a devotion never more consecrated. Again and again during the perusal it will occur to the mind of the reader what a menace to liberty the organization of huge standing armies must be. Above all will he feel that Cicero rang true, that just as in his choice between Pompey and Cæsar so in his final embroglio with Antony he followed the dictates of his conscience; he chose right.

A WAR MINISTER

When Cicero in the summer of B.C. 44 gave up his plan of visiting his son at Athens and returned to beard the lions lying in wait for his dear Republic, he found himself virtually the government. The problem that presented itself to him was twofold: he must line up the provinces; he must organize the city. The first he essayed to do by writing letters to the several governors; the latter by making speeches before the Senate and by addressing personal appeals to Octavian and the consuls. Apparently, as we glean from the following letters, this programme went through with great success. The governors without exception—

with a mental reservation — declared for the Republic. The spineless Senate was stirred by Cicero's eloquence into a semblance of activity; the people threw up their hats — metaphorically speaking — for the father of their country; Octavian played his game with the guilelessness of youth and the shrewdness of a Machiavelli; and, to everybody's surprise, the consuls attested to their loyalty by giving their lives for the constitution.

Lining up the Provinces — Gaul

CXI. (*Fam.* X. 3) To L. MUNATIUS PLANCUS * (in Gaul)

ROME, *December*, B.C. 44

Before you were born, Plancus, I was on intimate terms with your family; I loved you from your early years; and when you came to man's estate, I kept up a friendship that was maintained not only with zeal on my part but by deliberate choice on yours.

You know, to be sure — for nothing can escape you — that there was a time when you had the reputation of being a timeserver; I myself would be of the same opinion if I thought likewise that you approved the course you had to put up with; but when I came to know your real sentiments, I fancied you had been a good judge of the situation.

Now things are different; you may use your judgment freely in all matters. You are consul under appointment for

* Antiquity through the pen of Velleius stamps Plancus with the odium of being styled *morbo proditor* (*constitutionally a traitor*, the rendering of Tyrrell and Purser).

the coming year, a man in the prime of life, an orator most eloquent at a time when there is the greatest dearth of such men. Apply yourself, I pray, to such a course of thought and endeavor that it may bring you supreme honor and glory. There is only one such, especially at this time when the state has been troubled lo! these many years — namely, the course of upright statesmanship.

I have been moved to write you this exhortation more from love than because I thought you needed advice and warning, for I am aware that you drink from the same fountains of wisdom that I do. Therefore enough of this. I will carefully and diligently look out for your political fences here at home.

Lining up the Provinces — Africa

CXII. (*Fam.* XII. 22)

TO CORNIFICIUS (in Africa)

ROME, (after) 20 *December*, B.C. 44

We are waging war here with the champion of all villains, Antony, our fellow augur, not on equal terms, but with words against arms. In his speeches he harangues against you; but it will be to his cost; he'll find who it is that he is threatening. From others, no doubt, you learn what has happened; from me you will hear what will happen, at least what can be easily foretold.

Everything has gone wrong; the *Optimates* have no leader, and our tyrant killers are scattered the world over. Pansa is a patriot in sentiment and talks bravely; our friend

Hirtius (the other consul for the coming year) is convalescing slowly (from a serious illness). I am entirely at loss as to what will happen; yet I have one hope, that in time the Roman People will prove worthy of its forebears. For myself, at least, I shall not fail the state; and come what may, provided that I am not to blame, I'll bear it with a brave spirit.

This, too, I'll do to the best of my ability, that is, look after your political position. In fact the Senate in full house on the twentieth agreed with me (in the *Third Philippic*) not only in regard to other important matters but also that the provincial governors should remain in charge of their provinces and should not hand them over to any one except an appointee of the Senate. I made this motion not only for the sake of the public weal but also for the purpose of guarding your dignity. Therefore in view of our mutual affection I beg you, and for the sake of the state I urge you to allow no one (i.e., Antony's appointee) to have any authority in your province; to measure all that you do with reference to your position; and to keep your province loyal to the Republic.

The Political Situation

CXIII. (*Fam.* X. 28)

To TREBONIUS (in Asia)

ROME, 2 (about) *February*, B.C. 43

Would you had invited me to that famous feast on the Ides of March! There would not have been any leavings;

as it is, I am having so much trouble with them (Antony) that I have a bit of complaint to make of that divine service of yours to the Republic. Because you led aside this plague of the state, so that thanks to you he is still alive, sometimes, although it is scarcely becoming in me to be so, I am somewhat angry with you; the truth is you have left me trouble a plenty. It was only after Antony's shameful flight (upon his hearing of the defection of the Fourth Legion) that, immediately upon the convening of the Senate, since there was no longer any restraint upon the freedom of speech, I returned to that former spirit which you and your most patriotic father used so fondly to praise.

When the tribunes had convoked the Senate and were bringing in a motion on some other matter, I began a harangue (the *Third Philippic*) on the general state of affairs and, pleading with all my might in a speech characterized more by emotion than by argument, I recalled the listless and fainthearted Senate to its wonted enthusiasm and vigor. The earnestness of my pleading on that day inspired the Roman People with its first hope of recovering its liberty. Since then I have not ceased planning and acting for the welfare of the state.

Unless I supposed the city doings and all the news were being reported to you, I should write in detail, though I am very busy. The whole you will learn from others; from me only a few items, and that too, only in outline. The Senate is showing vigor; of the ex-consuls, part are cowardly, part

are traitorous. A great loss has been received in the death of Servius (who gave his life for his country by going on the embassy to Antony although in a very precarious state of health). L. Cæsar is a patriot; but, because he is an uncle of Antony, he does not vote very vigorously. The consuls are doing splendidly; D. Brutus very famously; the lad Cæsar (Octavian) handsomely too. I have high hopes in him for the future; at least, know this for certain that, if he had not quickly enrolled the veterans and if two legions had not transferred themselves to him from Antony's army and if Antony had not been intimidated by this turn in affairs, he would have allowed no manifestation of crime and cruelty to slip by.

Although I suppose this is no news to you, yet I wished to familiarize you with the conditions here. I will write further when I have more leisure.

Lining up the Provinces — Syria

CXIV. (*Fam.* XII. 5)

To CASSIUS (in Syria)

ROME, *February*, B.C. 43

Winter, no doubt, has kept you, from informing us, as yet, as to what you are doing and especially where you are; still there is a general report — the wish in all probability being father to the thought — that you are in Syria and have large forces. I can all the more believe the report because of its verisimilitude. Brutus has won golden opinions of men; their gratitude also, for the unexpectedness as well

as the magnificence of his operations. If you have the grasp on the situation that I am supposing, the state is supported by strong props; for from the adjacent shores of Greece even as far as Egypt we shall be defended by loyal armies and governors.

And yet, unless I am mistaken, conditions are such that everything depends on Decimus Brutus; if he manages to escape from Mutina, the war, it is likely, will soon be over. He is beset there by forces somewhat weak by reason of Antony's having the bulk of his troops at Bononia. Our Hirtius is at Claterna; Cæsar (Octavian) at Forum Corneliū; both have large armies. Pansa has mobilized a strong force at Rome; it is composed of levies from throughout Italy. Winter has, as yet, prevented action. With the exception of Bononia, Reggio, and Parma all Gaul is most loyal. With the exception of the ex-consuls, of whom only L. Cæsar (Antony's uncle) is steadfast and loyal, the Senate is as firm as a rock. We sustained a great loss in the death of Servius Sulpicius. Of the other ex-consuls some are lazy; some are disloyal; some envy others the praise they get for serving the state. The Roman People and all Italy are united in a wonderful harmony.

Such, as I would have you know, is the situation here. My wish now is that from your station in the East the light of your virtue shine forth.

*Word from Macedonia*CXV. (*Brut.* II. 3)

BRUTUS to CICERO (at Rome)

DYRRACHIUM, 1 April, B.C. 43

I am eagerly awaiting your reply to my letter about (my capture of C. Antonius) and the death of Trebonius (at the hands of Dolabella). I don't doubt that you will let me know your plans. I am utterly at sea. If I knew what you had decided to do, I should be without anxiety. Our Cassius is in control of Syria and the legions of that province.

I have read your two speeches (the *Fifth* and the *Tenth Philippics*). No doubt you are waiting for me to praise them. I cannot tell whether they are to be lauded more for the spirit or the genius displayed in them. Accordingly I acquiesce in their being called *Philippics*, which term you jocularly applied to them in a recent letter.

Cicero, Jr., is giving such a good account of himself by his industry, patience, hard work, spirit; in a word, in every kind of service that he seems never to forget whose son he is. Therefore, since I cannot cause you to make more of one who is most dear to you, take it from me that in attaining to the honors of his father he will not have to draw much on your credit.

*An Imitation Cæsar**Lining up the Provinces — Spain*CXVI. (*Fam.* X. 32) . . . POLLIO * to CICERO (at Rome)

CORDOVA, 8 June, B.C. 43

Balbus, the quæstor, with a large sum in ready money, a great weight of gold, and a larger quantity of silver which he had collected from the public taxes, without paying the army its stipend, has left Cadiz and, detained at Gibraltar for three days by bad weather, on the first of June has betaken himself to the kingdom of Bogrudes, pretty well shekeled.

Besides his plundering, pillaging, and flogging of the allies he has plumed himself especially upon playing the part of a Cæsar. In the games which he held at Cadiz he knighted the actor Herennius Gallus by presenting him with a gold ring; he then escorted him to the dress circle, which Balbus (in imitation of the practice at Rome) had reserved for the equestrian order. He extended (like Cæsar) his term as chief magistrate of the city. Holding the elections for two days, he declared (like Cæsar) his candidates elected for the ensuing two years. He recalled (like Cæsar) the exiles.

* This is the Pollio whose brother stole Catullus' linen, whose temporizing agility Horace admires in the first ode of his second book, and about the birth of whose son Vergil wrote so extravagantly that the monks thought he was heralding the coming of Christ. Pollio was a man of parts, being an orator, historian, dramatist, statesman, and general. His bent toward the humanities is shown by his establishing the first public library at Rome; but his good name is sullied by his insane jealousy of Cicero, whom he tried to discredit both by ill-natured criticism and by downright falsehoods.

Now for what he did without warrant from Cæsar's practices. He had a play written about his daredevil escapade (when he stole into Pompey's camp) to tamper with the loyalty of Lucius Lentulus; and, putting the play on the boards, he wept at the memory of his exploit. A certain Fadius, a veteran of Pompey's, he put to training in a gladiatorial school and compelled perforce to fight two combats. When this Fadius would not apprentice himself to the profession (of gladiator) and took refuge with the people, Balbus let some Gallic horsemen loose on the mob which had stoned him at the rescue of Fadius. He then dragged the poor fellow off to the school, buried him in a pit, and burned him alive. Having breakfasted, all the while in negligée dress he walked around; and, as his victim kept crying, "I am a Roman citizen," he replied, "Very well, go and appeal to the Roman People." Moreover he has thrown to the beasts Roman citizens, among them a certain pedlar who was wont to circulate at auctions, a well known character at Seville; for Balbus had taken offense at his misshapen body. This is the sort of monster I have to deal with. More about him when we meet.

Now for more important matters. Let me know what you wish me to do. I have three strong legions. One, the Twenty-eighth, Antony sent for at the beginning of the war with the promise of five hundred denarii (\$100) for each soldier as soon as the legion should arrive and of sharing equally with Antony's soldiers when the victory should

be won. Though the legion was greatly worked up over the offer, yet I held it in check, with much trouble to be sure. He kept on tampering with my other troops too. He has been particularly urgent about the Thirtieth Legion; Lepidus has been backing him in this demand. The fact that I have been unwilling to sell out my army or let any of it go through fear of threat should assure you of my loyalty. I have kept the province in peace and my army under control. I have stayed within the bounds of my province. I have not sent any soldier, legionary or auxiliary, anywhere. If I found any horsemen straggling off, I punished them. For all these services I shall consider myself sufficiently rewarded if the state is saved.

Literary Activities

In the midst of this press of duties Cicero found time for literary pursuits, preparing his *Philippics* for publication, putting the finishing touches on some of his most famous essays, and sitting down for a last chat with his old friend Pætus. The greatest of the *Philippics*, perhaps of all his orations, is the *Second*. This was Cicero's Rubicon, for in publishing it he made all reconciliation with Antony impossible and wrote his name high on the world's roll of political martyrs. The reference to the *De Senectute* will arouse many of my readers to pleasant memories of college days. The *De Officiis* is honored with a place alongside of Horace's *Odes* by the late Mr. Steinmetz as being books

that all young men should master. In his farewell to Pætus Cicero states his political creed with a warmth of patriotism and an abandon of selflessness that make us forget the futility of his statecraft.

CXVII. (*Att.* XVI. 11)

TO ATTICUS (at Rome)

PUTEOLI, 5 November, B.C. 44

I rejoice that you approve of my work (*Second Philippic*). By quoting the best of its flowers you make them bloom all the more beautifully in my eyes. I was afraid you would be re-inking them. In urging me to keep on with my writing, you are giving me the advice of a friend; but, the fact is, I am doing nothing else. I am glad that you take comfort in my "O Titus" (the first words of the *De Senectute*). I shall polish up the book (the *Topica*) you ask for and send it to you.

Of the *De Officiis* I have finished two books to the point which Panætius reached in his discussion. There are three books to his work; at the beginning he divided his subject of how to determine one's duty under three heads: one, when we deliberate whether some act is honorable or base; two, whether expedient or inexpedient; three, when there is a confusion of motives in arriving at a conclusion—for example, in the case of Regulus, for whom it was honorable to return (to Carthage), expedient to remain (at Rome). The first two of these heads he (Panætius) set forth clearly and well but failed in his promise to write out the third.

Posidonius did the task for him. I have sent for his book and have written Athenodorus to send me his résumé; I am waiting for it; please urge him with prayers and exhortations to dispatch it with all haste. There is a further heading on duties in given circumstances. You ask about the title; I don't doubt that *officium* is an equivalent of καθήκον, unless perchance you have another synonym; a fuller title is *De Officiis*. I dedicate the work to my son, not unfittingly, I ween.

Give Attica a kiss for me; she has such a lively disposition, a charming quality in children.

The Last Social Letter

CXVIII. (*Fam.* IX. 24)

TO PÆTUS (at Naples)

ROME, *Early in February*, B.C. 43

I would have you know, Pætus, that it was your letter that gave me the first inkling of the plot against me; hence I could put myself on guard; otherwise I should have been less cautious.

I take it ill that you have stopped going out to dinners; for you have deprived yourself of much delight and pleasure. Besides, I fear — for one may tell the truth — you may unlearn and forget how to give what I may call those *dinnerettes* of yours; for, if you were not much of an adept (at giving dinners) when you had some one to imitate what am I to expect of you now? Indeed, when I told Spurinna (the soothsayer who warned Cæsar to beware the Ides of

March) how fond you used to be of dining out and how you had given up this habit, he pointed out that great danger was in store for the state unless you reverted to your old custom before the spring winds begin to blow; you can be excused for the present if you cannot stand the cold weather.

But, by my faith, my dear Pætus, laying all joking aside, if I may give my opinion of how to live happily, I advise you to consort with men merry and good, friends of yours; there is nothing in life more fit, nothing better suited for living happily. It is not pleasure that I have in mind but living and eating together and that relaxation of the spirit which is best brought about by familiar discourse. Conversation is the most charming thing about banquets (*convivia*), a term we use more wisely than the Greeks; for they talk about *symposia* and *syndeipna*, that is, *drinkings* and *eatings together*; whereas we speak of *convivia*, *livings together*, because then most of all do we live together. You see how by philosophizing I am trying to recall you to your old custom. Take care of your health; you can best do so by dining out.

But beware, I pray you, of thinking that because I am writing in a jocular fashion I have thrown off the cares of state. Be assured, my Pætus, that day and night I do nothing else, care for nothing else than that my fellow citizens be safe and free. I omit no opportunity for advising, acting, providing. Finally I am of this mind that, if my life

must be laid down while I am thus anxiously administering the state, I shall esteem myself to have had a glorious end. Again and again, farewell.

SUCCESS IN SIGHT

The preceding letters represent the Roman world as staged for a dramatic climax. One after another the provincial governors had declared for the constitution. Brutus and Cassius were organizing the East. Octavian was speaking fair and, what was more to the point, was checking Antony at every move. The consuls Hirtius and Pansa were coöperating loyally. The Senate and the people were supporting Cicero at times even with enthusiasm. Then came the battle of Modena. It was heralded as a total victory that insured the complete elimination of Antony.

The Climax of the War

CXIX. (*Fam.* X. 30)

GALBA to CICERO (at Rome)

CAMP AT MODENA, 15 April, B.C. 43

April 14, the day that Pansa was to arrive at the camp of Hirtius, Antony led out two legions, two prætorian cohorts, and a part of the reserves. He came to oppose us with such a force because he thought we had only four legions of raw troops. But at night, that we might be in less danger, Hirtius had dispatched the Martian legion, which I was wont to command, and two prætorian cohorts to meet us. When the horsemen of Antony appeared, neither the

legion nor the cohorts could be held in check; since we could not hold them in, we began of necessity to follow. After Pansa saw that the legion was attacking against his will, he ordered two legions of recruits to support it. After we had crossed a difficult piece of woods and a swamp, we drew up our twelve cohorts in line of battle. The two legions had not yet arrived. Suddenly Antony led his forces out of the village and joined battle without delay. At first both sides fought with the greatest possible spirit. The right wing, where I was, at the first shock chased in flight Antony's legion for upwards of half a mile. When his horse tried to outflank me, I began to retire and to place the light armed troops in the way of the Moorish cavalry lest they should attack us in the rear. Meanwhile I saw that I was surrounded by the enemy with Antony himself only a little behind me. Suddenly, slinging my shield over my back, I spurred my horse toward the legion of recruits that was coming from the camp. The enemy were following; our men wished to shoot. In such a plight I was saved by our men's quickly recognizing me.

On the Æmilian way, where Cæsar's prætorian cohort was, protracted fighting went on. The left wing, composed of two cohorts of the Martian legion and of Hirtius' body-guard, began to fall back because it was too weak and because it was being surrounded by Antony's cavalry, in which he is very strong. Antony, thinking he was victor, expected to take the camp. When he had reached it, he lost several



THE YOUNG AUGUSTUS (OCTAVIANUS)
The Bust in the Vatican

of his men without accomplishing anything. Getting word of this action, Hirtius with twenty cohorts of veterans fell upon Antony as he was returning to camp, cut his infantry to pieces and put his cavalry to flight and that, too, in the place where the battle began (i. e., Forum Gallorum). At the fourth hour of the night Antony with his cavalry retreated to his camp at Modena. Thus he lost the greater part of his veteran forces. Two of his eagles and sixty standards were brought in as trophies. It was a glorious victory.

Victory!!

CXX. (*Brut.* I. 3, 1-3)

TO BRUTUS (at Dyrrachium)

ROME, 21 *April*, B.C. 43

Things are looking up. No doubt you have heard of what has happened (the victory at Forum Gallorum). The consuls have turned out as I have prophesied to you. The lad Cæsar has shown himself to be of great natural ability. Now that he has become popular and famous so easily, may I guide him and restrain him as easily as I have done thus far. To do so is, to be sure, a difficult matter; but still I am hopeful.

On the third or fourth day before this most illustrious event the whole city, wives, children, and all, was rushing in a panic to take refuge with you. Revived by the news (of the battle), which arrived on the twentieth, they preferred that you come here rather than that they should go there. That day I reaped a bountiful return from my labors

and my vigils; for all the populace that the city holds flocked to me, and escorting me to the Capitol with a mighty uproar and applause, placed me upon the *Rostra*. There is, as is right, no vanity in me; still the union of all classes, the thanksgiving and congratulations move me deeply; it is a remarkable feat for me to win the approval of the people when I am acting for their good. But enough, for I should rather you would hear this from others.

THE REVERSAL

In the midst of this rejoicing like a clap out of a clear sky came the news that the consuls were dead. Then Cicero's row of bricks began to topple: Antony escaped, Octavian showed his hand, Lepidus turned traitor. Decimus Brutus was at the end of his rope, and Marcus Brutus not only ignored Cicero's cry for succour, but also added to his burdens by peevish fault-finding.

Bad News

CXXI. (*Brut.* I. 3, 4)

To BRUTUS (at Dyrrachium)

ROME, 27 (about) *April*, B.C. 43

We have lost the two Consuls. Hirtius fell in the moment of victory (the defeat of Antony before Modena) after having won his great battle of a few days before (Forum Gallorum). Pansa died at his retreat whither he had retired because of the wounds (he had received in the battle at Forum Gallorum). Brutus (Decimus) and Cæsar are following the remnants of the enemy's army.

*Treachery Abroad*CXXII. (*Fam.* XI. 9) D. BRUTUS to CICERO (at Rome)

REGIUM LEPIDI, 29 April, B.C. 43

What a loss the state has suffered in the death of Pansa does not escape you. You must now use your prestige and foresight to keep the enemy from thinking, now that the consuls are dead, that they can regain their position. I'll see to it that Antony can have no foothold in Italy. I will follow him at once. I hope to be able to prevent Ventidius (Antony's lieutenant) from slipping through or Antony from tarrying in Italy. Most of all, I pray you to write that most variable of all men Lepidus; or else, forming a union with Antony, he'll be renewing the war. I fancy you see clearly what Pollio intends to do. He and Lepidus have many fine legions. I am not suggesting these possibilities for fear they may have escaped your notice but because I am fully persuaded that Lepidus will never be loyal if, per adventure, you are inclined to think he may. I beg of you to assure the loyalty of Plancus, who I presume now that Antony has been defeated, will not fail the state.

*A Weary Soul*CXXIII. (*Fam.* XII. 25, 6-7) To CORNIFICIUS (in Africa)

ROME, May (beginning), B.C. 43

Our colleagues (in the augurate) Hirtius and Pansa, men who conducted their office for the good of the state, we have lost at a time we can ill afford; for, though the com-

monwealth has been freed from that guerilla (Antony), yet it is still involved in difficulties. Providence permitting, I will go on defending it though I am by now very weary; yet no weariness should prevent one's loyally doing one's duty.

But enough of this. I prefer you should hear about me from others. What I hear about you surpasses my fondest hopes.

More Bad News

CXXIV. (*Fam.* XI. 10) D. BRUTUS to CICERO (at Rome)

DETRONA, 5 May, B.C. 43

You know full well that your congratulations weigh more with me than the malevolence of my critics (Brutus has been criticised for allowing Antony to escape). Let them interfere with my being honored providing they do not interfere with my managing the state successfully. In how great peril it now is I will set forth in a few words.

First of all, how great confusion has arisen from the death of the two consuls and how great rivalry for the succession the vacancy has caused to spring up does not escape you. I think that this is all that I should entrust to a letter on this subject.

I revert now to Antony. Though he escaped from the rout with but a small band of unarmed infantry, by opening the slave compounds and by snatching up men of all sorts he seems to have got together a fairly good-sized force. To this should be added the troops of Ventidius, who by

making a very difficult march across the Apennines came into the vicinity of Vada and there formed a junction with Antony. There are a good many veterans and well-equipped soldiers with Ventidius.

Antony's plan must be one of these three: he may take himself to Lepidus, providing the latter will receive him; or he may hold himself in the Apennines and the Alps and with his cavalry, in which he is strong, he may lay waste the regions where he has gone; or he may fall back to Etruria, which is defended by no army. If Cæsar had listened to me and had crossed the Apennines, I should have driven Antony into such straits that he would be mastered by want rather than by the sword. But neither will Cæsar take orders from anyone nor will his army from Cæsar himself—both very bad circumstances.

I am able no longer to maintain my army. When I started in to liberate the state, I had forty million sesterces (\$1,640,000). So far am I from having any of my property left unencumbered that I have got all my friends into debt with having gone security for me. I am now supporting seven legions; you can see with what trouble. Not if I were as rich as Cræsus, could I keep up with the expense.

As soon as I find out about Antony I'll let you know.

*Treachery Consummated*CXXV. (*Fam. X.* 21, 1-6) PLANCUS TO CICERO (at Rome)

CAMP ON THE ISARA, 14 May, B.C. 43

I should be ashamed of the shifting tone of my letters if my actions here did not depend on the changeableness of others. I have put above everything else the forming of a union with Lepidus that I might resist the enemy—bad luck to them—and free the state with less anxiety on your part. I actually guaranteed the recognition of his extravagant demands and I wrote you day before yesterday that I hoped to find him a patriotic partner in the conduct of the war; I trusted his autograph letter and his oath to Laterensis in person.

My good hopes in him were not to be for long. When I had thrown my army across the Isara that I might hasten to him just as he had requested, a messenger from him met me with orders not to come: that he could manage the situation by himself; that meanwhile I should wait at the Isara.

Furthermore, according to reports I have received, in the midst of a speech that Lepidus was making to his army, his soldiers, being disaffected of themselves and tampered with by representatives from Antony's troops, cried out—good patriots that they are—that they did not wish to fight with anyone nor would they. Lepidus made no attempt to correct or punish this treasonable talk.

*The Petulant Brutus*CXXVI. (*Brut.* I. 16)

BRUTUS to CICERO (at Rome)

CAMP IN MACEDONIA

Middle of May (about), B.C. 43

I have read a bit of a letter * that you wrote to Octavius in my behalf. Atticus sent it to me. Your zeal and care for my person has affected me with no new pleasure, for it has become almost a daily matter for me to hear of something you have said or done to enhance my dignity. But the part of the letter you wrote Octavius about me has brought me the greatest possible pain. By my faith, I hardly think that the immortal gods are so averse to the welfare of the Roman People that Octavius must be besought in behalf of any individual, let alone "the liberators of the universe." That weakness and desperation of yours, for which you are no more to blame than anyone else, incited Cæsar to covet sovereign sway, and after his death persuaded Antony to occupy his place and now has so exalted that lad of yours that in your opinion he must be asked to spare us—just think of it! Hereafter don't commend me to your Cæsar. Therefore he is not to be asked to be willing to save us; rather do you resuscitate yourself so as to fancy that this state, in which you have performed most important exploits, will be held in freedom and honor if only the people have leaders to resist the designs of traitors.

* This letter and CXXXIV are held spurious by some, but they so admirably illustrate the petulant attitude consistently adopted toward Cicero by Brutus that I include them.

Treachery Excused

CXXVII. (*Fam.* X. 35) LEPIDUS to the Senate and Magistrates (at Rome)

PONS ARGENTEUS, 30 *May*, B.C. 43

Greetings to the state and its constituted authorities! Gentlemen of the Senate, I call upon men and gods to witness that I have always been well disposed toward the Republic and that I have always preferred the commonweal and liberty to all else. I should shortly have given proof of this protestation had not a twist of fortune kept me from consummating my plans; for the entire army, carrying out its settled custom of sparing the lives of the people and of keeping the peace, mutinied and, to tell the truth, compelled me to undertake the safety and welfare of so many Roman citizens.

In this matter I pray and beseech you, gentlemen of the Senate, that, laying aside personal grudge, you may take measures for the good of the state and that you may not consider as a crime the mercy that the army and I have shown in view of our civic troubles. If you take account of the safety and dignity of all (Antony), you will the better consult for your welfare and that of the state.

Cicero's Machine in Collapse

CXXVIII. (*Fam.* XI. 14) TO D. BRUTUS (at Eporedia)

ROME, *May* (close), B.C. 43

I am very much pleased with your approval of my plans for the appointment of a commission (to investigate the acts

of Antony) and for honoring the lad (Octavian). But what do plans matter anyway? Believe me, I speak quite humbly. I am clearly at the end of my rope; the Senate was the instrument of my activities; it has now gone to smash. Your famous eruption from Modena, the flight of Antony, and the slaughter of his army had brought such sure hope of victory that everybody has let down and those vehement exertions of mine seem but mimic battles.

To return to my task, it is said by those who know, that the Martian and the Fourth Legions can in no way be brought to reason. I agree with you that Brutus should be sent for and that Cæsar should be held in Italy for its defense. You have, as you say, critics. I answer their criticisms very easily, but still they bother. We are looking for the legions from Africa.

Everyone is wondering that that war of yours is come to life again. Never was anything so contrary to expectation; for on your birthday when we heard of your victory, we had visions of a country liberated for many ages. These recent fears unweave your previous successes. In your letter of the Ides of May you wrote that you had just heard from Plancus that Antony had not been received by Lepidus. If that is so, all else will be easy; if not, there will be trouble a plenty; still I do not fear the issue. Yours will be the task. I can do no more than I have done. I am eager to have you live up to my expectations that you will outstrip all in dignity and fame.

*The Crisis at Hand*CXXIX. (*Fam. X. 23*)

PLANCUS to CICERO (at Rome)

GRENOBLE, 6 June, B.C. 43

Never, by my faith, my Cicero, shall I be sorry for having undergone great danger for the fatherland provided that whatever happens I am not criticized for being rash. I should confess to have erred if I had ever purposely trusted Lepidus; but it was not by this error that I was all but deceived; I knew him well. "The import of these remarks?" you ask. Why, it was a sense of shame that led me to run the risk (of being trapped by him); for, if I stayed where I was, I feared my critics would throw it up to me that I was too stubborn in my enmity against Lepidus and that by my inactivity I was prolonging the war. Therefore I brought my troops almost in sight of Lepidus and Antony, and went into camp about forty miles distant from them with the idea of being able either to join them speedily or to fall back safely. Lepidus effected a junction with Antony on May 29 and on the same day set out for my camp. When they had covered twenty miles, word of the movement was brought me. Thanks to providence, I retreated quickly without any semblance of a rout. I lost no infantry, cavalry, or baggage to those guerillas. In six days I brought my army across the Isara, and broke down the bridges that my men might have time for rest and that I might join forces with my colleague Brutus, whom I am expecting in three days.

My escape brought the parricides (Lepidus and Antony)

much grief. They are angry because I kept prodding Lepidus to bring the war to an end, because I disapproved of the conferences they had held, because I had forbidden Antony's emissaries under safe conduct from Lepidus to come into my sight, and because I had caught and held as an enemy one of Antony's carriers who had letters for Lepidus. I am highly elated over this, that the more they sought to get me the greater is their disappointment over my eluding them.

Keep on, Cicero, with your vigilant and vigorous sending of supplies to us who are at the front. Let Cæsar come; at least, let his army be sent. Things are at a crisis. If you in Rome do not fail, assuredly I shall do my part for the commonwealth.

An S.O.S. Call to Brutus

CXXX. (*Brut.* I. 10)

TO BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, *June* (early), B.C. 43

As yet we have heard from you neither by letter nor report as to whether according to the instructions of the Senate you are bringing the army to Italy. The state eagerly prays you to do so and that, too, right early, for internal affairs are getting worse with the passing days.

The campaign around Modena was so managed that one could find no fault with Cæsar (Octavian), a bit with Hirtius; the fortune of war is, as it were,

“For prosperity slippery, for adversity firm.”

The state with the slaughter of Antony's forces and his flight was victorious. Then followed so many mistakes on the part of Brutus (Decimus) that victory, if I may be allowed the expression, slipped from our grasp. Our leaders did not follow the flight of wounded and unarmed men and gave Lepidus an opportunity to show off the fickleness he has displayed in worse troubles.

The armies of Brutus and Plancus are loyal but untrained; the Gallic auxiliaries are strong and faithful. But Cæsar, who has been guided thus far by my advice, notwithstanding his fine nature and loyalty, has been incited by most traitorous letters, by fair and specious talk of intermediaries and messengers to fix his hopes upon securing the consulship. As soon as I heard of this notion of his, I did not cease advising him by letter and accusing in person his friends who seemed to be fostering this desire of his. I did not hesitate to lay before the Senate the source of this most traitorous scheme. Never have I found the Senate and the magistrates better minded; not a single tribune, magistrate, or private individual was there to propose the consulship for him (Octavian).

But although there is such loyalty and steadfastness, yet the state is in great anxiety; we are mocked, my Brutus, both by the pretensions of the soldiers and the insolent demands of their commander. Each conditions his demands for public preferment only by the force at his disposal. Reason, moderation, law, custom, duty, court decisions, respect for the judgment of posterity avail naught.

Therefore fly hither, I beseech you, and finish your liberation of the Republic. Everybody will rush to your banner. Write Cassius to come too. There is no hope of freedom except in the headquarters of your camps.

This is the state of affairs at the moment of writing. May the immediate future improve; if it shall be otherwise—God save the mark—I shall lament the fortune of the Republic which ought to be immortal; as for myself, how little remains!

On the Death of Portia

CXXXI. (*Brut.* I. 9)

TO BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, 8 June (about), B.C. 43

I would do as you did in my grief (over the death of Tullia) and write you a letter of consolation (for the loss of Portia) if I did not know that in your case you had no need of those remedies with which you alleviated my sorrow; may you heal yourself now more easily than you did me then; it is not in keeping for a man of your character not to be able to carry out for himself the advice he has given to another. In my own grief not only the reasons you got together but also your authority restrained me from too extravagant sorrow; for, when you thought I was bearing my loss more effeminately than becomes a man, especially one who is wont to console others, you upbraided me more severely than was your custom.

Accordingly, holding your judgment in high esteem and

reverence, I gathered myself together and by the addition of your authority gave all the more weight to what I had learned, read, and approved. In my case it was a matter merely of paying due regard to natural feelings; whereas in yours it is a case of what the public will say of the part, so to speak, that you must play; for, since the eyes not only of your army but also of every citizen and almost every nation have been cast on you, it is not at all becoming that he to whom the rest of us owe our courage should show weakness of character. You have suffered a loss, to be sure, for you have been bereaved of that which had no rival on earth and in such severe sorrow you should grieve; or else to be without any ability to feel sorrow will make you more miserable than the affliction itself. Still, as it is helpful for others, so it is useful for you to grieve in moderation. I should write further if, seeing that it is you whom I am addressing, I had not already said more than enough.

We are awaiting you and your army; otherwise we can hardly hope to secure our freedom even though all else turn out to our liking.

One Last Smile

CXXXII. (*Fam.* XI. 25)

TO D. BRUTUS (in Gaul)

ROME, 18 *June*, B.C. 43

As I was daily expecting letters from you, our friend Lupus suddenly intimated that now was a good chance for me to write you if I had anything to say. There is really

nothing to write; for, as I know, the daily gazette is sent you; moreover, as I hear, you are displeased with gossipy letters; besides, under your tutelage I have learned to be brief.

Let me tell you, therefore, that all our hope is in you and your colleague (Plancus). There is no sure news from Brutus (Marcus). Following your instructions, in my personal letters I do not cease calling on him to join us in our struggle. Would he were now here; I should fear less the civic troubles, which are a heavy burden to me. But what am I doing? I am forgetting to imitate your laconic style of expression; the second page is already well advanced. Be well and prevail.

A Lesson in Patriotism

CXXXIII. (*Fam.* X. 26) To FURNIUS (with Plancus in Gaul)

ROME, *June* (end), B.C. 43

You write about the harmonious relations of Brutus and Plancus. I am relying on their union chiefly for my hopes of victory. As to who is responsible for the devotion of the Gauls to the cause we shall, as you say, find out some day. But believe me, we know the man; and so I am a bit peeved with the end of your most pleasing letter. You write, "If the elections for the prætorship have been postponed till August, I shall quickly return to the city; but, if they have already been held, I shall come all the more quickly that I may no longer be involved here in danger all to no purpose."

O my Furnius! how little you comprehend your own case, though you understand that of others very easily! Do you think of your candidacy? and do you plan to run up to the elections or, if they are over, to stay at home lest, to use your words, "you may play the fool by remaining in danger?" These, I fancy, are not your real sentiments; for I know well all your ambitious impulses. But if you are writing your true thoughts, I do not find fault with you so much as with my judgment of you. Shall a premature haste for an office which is utterly worthless and vulgar if you secure it in the way most candidates do, seduce you from those most glorious deeds for which all are truly and rightfully lauding you to the skies? No doubt it is a question of whether you are to be elected this year or next and not that you should so serve the state as to be considered worthy of every honor!

Since you are counting so much on the elections, I am bending all my energies to have them put off till January, especially since such action in many ways makes for the public weal. Prevail and be well.

THE REAL BRUTUS

In the following letter from Brutus, Atticus makes his appearance for the last time. Being the opportunist that he was, quite naturally he kept himself out of the final clash. In fact, he saw to it that his portion of the *Correspondence* saw the light only long after his death.

This selection well illustrates the animus Brutus so often displays toward Cicero. The friendship of these two men is striking, indeed. It seems hard to explain, for what did the warm-hearted ebullient Cicero see in the coldly calculating Brutus who snubbed him without compunction? Cicero who flinched at taking a penny from miserable provincials, Brutus who would exact his four per cent a month from the wretched Salaminians; Cicero who could not start for Athens without calling on his friend, Brutus who without a qualm left his friend to his fate; Cicero who poured out a wealth of affection in lavish measure, Brutus who wrote his friend a note of three short lines; Cicero who asked only to serve, Brutus who scolded Cicero about personal matters and taunted him with having been taken in by Octavian.

What is the explanation of this strange phenomenon? Brutus was too narrow minded to love anyone. Otherwise he might have been Cæsar's heir and might have ruled the world; whereas Cicero was the soul of loyalty. Witness his lifelong association with Atticus. But besides Cicero's love for Brutus there were two other elements that entered into his cleaving to the churlish fellow: his longing for social recognition and his love for his country. Although Cicero often aptly quotes Homer's lines:

“I shall go whither I shall neither see the grandees
Nor hear anything about them,”

yet his whole scheme of life contemplated arriving at the top of the social ladder. It was for this that he entered upon an official career, that he bought Crassus' house on the Palatine, and that he would have his son cut a dash at college among the sons of the fashionable set. He was proud of being a self-made man, but he longed to have the seal of social legitimacy stamped on his success.

But with time Cicero's point of view changed; self came to play less, country more of a part in his thoughts. Denied an active share in the affairs of the day, he turned eagerly to thoughts of the morrow. Just as Socrates left philosophers and Christ disciples, so Cicero would leave patriots to carry on his work; hence came his associations with the likely young men of the town: P. Crassus, Cælius, Curio, Cassius, Dolabella, Hirtius, Octavian, and Brutus; hence his letters throbbing with patriotic enthusiasm. But the three continents had drunk the blood of Crassus, Curio, and Hirtius. Cælius and Dolabella went the way of the madcap Milo; Cassius was far away; Octavian was the heir of Cæsar; and Brutus — wrote the following letters.

“Et Tu Brute”

CXXXIV. (*Brut.* I. 17)

BRUTUS TO ATTICUS (at Rome)
CAMP IN MACEDONIA

Middle of May (about), B.C. 43

You write that Cicero wonders why I never express any opinion about his actions. Since you ask me, I will write

you my real feelings on the subject. He, I know, has done everything with the best intentions; but he seems to have done some things — shall I say from ignorance or with the idea of currying favor? I know not what to say except one thing: he has shown such indulgence toward the lad (Octavian) that he (Cicero) does not refrain from abuse (in calling Casca, one of the tyrannicides, assassin). Cicero does this even though he himself has put more than one citizen to death and ought to confess himself a murderer before he throws up any such taunt to Casca. Or because we do not at all hours boast of the *Ides of March* just as he has in his mouth his Nones of December (when Cicero crushed the Catiline conspiracy), shall he be freer to use hard words about a most fair deed than were Bestia or Clodius when they were wont to criticise his consulship?

Again, what is the difference between him and any devoted henchman of Octavian's? Who could move any more decrees to Octavian's interest? Therefore, for all I care, the lad may call Cicero father, take his advice, praise him, give him thanks; nevertheless it will appear that what Octavian does will turn out to be quite different from what he says. No longer do I take account of those arts in which I know Cicero to be a past master; for what profit has he from what he has written so eloquently for the freedom of the state, about honor, death, exile, and humble circumstances? Therefore in his boasting let him cease to attack us in our troubles. Let him live, good heavens! as he can, a suppliant

and a tool, if indeed his years, honors, and exploits do not shame him. I should not have written this to you unless I loved you as much as Cicero is persuaded that he is esteemed by Octavian.

*The Petulant * Brutus again*

CXXXV. (*Brut.* I. 13)

MARCUS BRUTUS to CICERO (at Rome)

CAMP in MACEDONIA, 1 July, B.C. 43

The prevailing fear about what Lepidus will do makes me anxious (about his family). If he has torn himself away from our cause—I hope all such rumors are but ill-founded and unjust suspicions—in appealing to my friendship for you and your kindly feelings toward me, I beg you with prayers and entreaties not to forget that Lepidus' sons are my sister's children and I urge you to account me as being by right of succession *in loco parentis*. If you accede to this request of mine, you will not hesitate to come to their relief; if not, others can enjoy the society of their family; whereas I can find no way of carrying out my duty toward my nephews. What tribute can the constitutionalists pay me, or what guarantees can I give my mother, my sister, and those boys if their uncle does not count more with you and the rest of the Senate than does their father Lepidus?

* The animus back of this letter will be clear if we call to mind Brutus' usurious dealings with the provincials (XLVI, XLVII); he had an itching palm. He was loth to let money get out of the family as it would with the confiscation of Lepidus' property.

My anxiety and vexation prevent my writing more at length; nor is there any need of my doing so either; for, if in such a matter, I must resort to words in order to stir you up and convince you, there is no hope of your doing what I wish and what you ought; therefore, look for no long entreaty; have regard for me who of myself ought to gain my request from you in the capacity of a private citizen and a particular friend or, at least, of an ex-consul with all personal considerations laid aside. What you intend to do about this matter let me know as soon as possible.

“The Sins of the Fathers —”

* CXXXVI. (*Brut.* I. 12) To BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, *Early in July*, B.C. 43

The Republic, Brutus, is in extreme peril; and though victors, we are again driven to a fight to a finish. This is the result of Lepidus' villainy and folly. Although by reason of my having charge of public affairs I am annoyed at many things, yet I have endured nothing more vexatious than not to be able to yield to the prayers of your mother and your sister (that the property of Lepidus, the latter's husband, should not be confiscated). Yet I feel I can square myself with you, a consideration I put above all else; for the case of Lepidus can in no way be distinguished from that of Antony and in the judgment of all is accounted worse

* Though written about the same time as the previous letter, yet it is virtually an answer to the plea of Brutus.

since not only had Lepidus been honored most signally by the Senate but also he had written the Senate a most satisfactory letter. Then suddenly he not only received the remnants of Antony's army but he also wages on land and sea a bitter war, of which the outcome is uncertain; and so, when I am asked to be merciful to his children (merely in money matters) there is no assurance that we shall not suffer the worst if their father — God save the mark — should conquer.

I am aware, of course, how bitter a thing it is for children to atone for the crimes of the fathers; but this penalty has been set by the laws that fondness for their offspring may make parents more devoted to the state; therefore it is Lepidus that is cruel toward his children, not he who declares him a public enemy. Furthermore, if, surrendering, he should be convicted of having borne arms against his country, a judgment against which he could make no defense, his family would undergo the same misfortune of losing its property. Also, to say nothing of worse things, Lepidus, Antony, and the rest threaten us all with the same treatment to which your mother and sister are objecting.

Our chief hope at present lies in you and your army; it is a matter of the greatest concern not only to the welfare of the state but also to your position and honor, for you, as soon as possible, to come to Italy; for the Republic has need not only of your forces but also of your advice.

I hope to see my son right soon, for I trust you will be coming home quickly and he with you.

Another Plea for Help

CXXXVII. (*Brut.* I. 14)

TO BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, 11 *July*, B.C. 43

That was a short letter of yours. "Short," do I say? Rather as good as none. A Brutus at a crisis like this write me a letter of three short lines! I should rather have written nothing at all had I been in your place. You write you will send a longer letter with my son who, as you say, will be leaving shortly for home. As soon as I heard this news, I packed off a courier posthaste to tell him that, even if he had arrived in Italy, he should return to you. I had several times written him that after great effort on my part I had got the elections (at which young Cicero wished to stand) put off till next year; but, no doubt, when you were penning that tiny letter of yours this information had not yet reached you.

Therefore I most earnestly urge you not to let my son go but to bring him back with you. Come you must and that, too, right soon if you care for the state, for whose welfare you have been born and brought up; for the war has sprung up again, mostly through the villainy of Lepidus. Moreover Octavius' army, which was loyal, is now not only of no use but even necessitates the summoning of your troops. Come, therefore, and bring aid, and that, too, im-

mediately, and be persuaded that you did no greater service to the state on the *Ides of March* when you relieved your fellow citizens of slavery than you will now by an early arrival.

A Cry for Help

CXXXVIII. (*Fam.* XII. 10)

To CASSIUS (in Syria)

ROME, *Early in July*, B.C. 43

Lepidus, your connection, and my old friend, along with those who followed him in his defection from the state, on the last day of June was pronounced a public enemy by the Senate. The first of September was set as the last day on which they might return to their allegiance. The Senate was very vigorous particularly because of their reliance on hope of aid from you. At the time of writing, thanks to the villainy and treachery of Lepidus, there is a mighty war on.

Therefore we hope to see you as soon as possible in Italy. We had conquered gloriously, had Lepidus not given succor to the refugee Antony. Accordingly he is more odious to the state than the latter was; for Antony stirred up war when things were in a turmoil, Lepidus when they were at peace through victory. Be persuaded, therefore, that everything depends on you and your Brutus; we are looking forward to your coming; we are expecting Brutus at any moment.

The Third Apology

Thrice had Cicero to tread the path of compromise : with the triumvirs after his return from exile, with Cæsar after the civil war, with Octavian after the death of Cæsar ; and thrice did he write apologies for these lapses from civic ideals : first, to Lentulus, Epistle XXVI ; second, to Marius, Epistle LXXIV ; and now to Brutus in defense of his policy in dealing with Octavian.

CXXXIX. (*Brut.* I. 15)

TO BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, 11-27 July, B.C. 43

At last I come to a certain letter of yours in which, while giving me much credit, you criticise me in one respect, because I am, so to speak, too prodigal in decreeing honors. This is your charge. Perhaps you might also find fault with me on the score of being too unfeeling in meting out punishment and in exacting penalty. It is, therefore, not out of place, I fancy, to acquaint you with my policy in these matters.

After Cæsar had been killed and your famous *Ides of March* had come and gone, I often discoursed about what you and the conspirators had neglected to do and how great a storm was threatening the state : the Republic had been relieved, to be sure, of a deadly pestilence, wiped clean of a deep stain ; you had attained to glory divine ; but the means of establishing a tyranny had been presented to Lepidus and Antony ; the one of these was more unprincipled, the other

more wicked, both fearful of peace, both hostile to quiet. We had no strong defense for opposing them in their ardent desire for troubling the state—all this you have not forgot. I then was, perhaps, too vigorous; for the Republic had aroused itself with great unanimity for the securing of its liberty; you more wisely, perchance, left the city you had liberated and did not avail yourself of the help offered you by Italy. Therefore, when I saw that the city was in possession of traitors and that neither you nor Cassius could be there in safety and that it was held by Antony with armed forces, I too thought I must get out. But my mind, always centered on my love for the fatherland, was not able to abandon my country; and so midway of my passage to Greece when during the season of the trade-winds the south wind although to dissuade me from my purpose had brought me back to Italy, meeting you at Velia, I grieved sorely; for you were retiring, Brutus, I say “retiring” since our co-religionists, the Stoics, will not admit that a philosopher can flee. When I reached Rome, I straightway aroused the wicked folly of Antony, exposed myself to it, initiated plans essentially Brutine—liberation of the fatherland being a peculiar characteristic of your family.

The rest of the story is long and must be passed over. Suffice it to say, the lad, Cæsar, thanks to whom we still live if we are willing to confess the truth, is a stream flowing from the fount of my counsels. Public honors were given him: none, however, but those that were due, none

but those that were necessary; for at the initial stage of our attempt to recover our liberty, before the divine virtue of Decimus began to bestir itself, when all the help we had lay in the youth who had torn Antony from our throats, what honor could be denied him? As it was, the speech I made in his praise was moderate. I moved, it is true, that, young as he is, he be vested with the *imperium*, for how could he have the command of the army without the title? It was Philippus that moved a statue to him; Servius that at first proposed his being allowed to stand for office before he became of proper age; Servilius that later even shortened this time. No honor then seemed too great.

But somehow or other men are found more easily to be kindly disposed in times of fear than grateful in times of victory; for, the day upon which Decimus Brutus was liberated at Modena happened to be his birthday. Therefore, when that day had beamed most joyfully upon us, I moved that his name be inserted in the calendar. On that occasion I discovered that in the Senate the malevolent slightly outnumbered the thankful. During those selfsame days I “lavished” — if you will have it so — honors on the dead, Hirtius, Pansa, and Aquila. Who would find fault with such action unless with the removal of danger he should be forgetful of past fears? I suspect that you disapprove of my having proposed an ovation for Cæsar. This motion was criticised by your party, good patriots, indeed, but poor statesmen. This act of mine, mistaken though I may be, I

regard as the wisest of all my endeavors. I decreed honors to Decimus and to Plancus, for they are patriotic souls; hence the Senate does quite right in using every honorable course to induce them to help the state. Fault especially is found with our treatment of Lepidus. After having set up his statue on the *Rostra*, we overthrew it. We did honor to him for the purpose of recalling him from his madness. The folly of the unprincipled fellow made our prudence go for naught. Still, when all is said and done, there was far less harm in setting up his statue than good in tearing it down. Enough on honors.

A word about punishments, for from your frequent letters I have gathered that you would be praised for being merciful toward those whom you have overpowered. You, I feel, do nothing but wisely. Still, if forgiveness is to be allowed in other matters, in a war of this kind it is, I fancy, a deadly thing. There has never been a civil war in our state, so far as my memory serves me, that has meant an entire subversion of the constitution; in this war, although I cannot easily affirm what form the constitution will take if we are victors, yet I can say that there will be none if we are conquered. Therefore I have voted severe measures against Antony and against Lepidus not so much for the sake of vengeance as that in the present I might deter traitors from attacking their country and that for the future I might set a warning lest any one should imitate such folly. Fault is found also with the motion, for which I was no more re-

sponsible than the rest, that the children (of Lepidus), though not at all to blame, should be punished. That is an ancient and universal practice applying both to citizens and enemies alike. You have my real sentiments on the question of rewards and penalties.

So much for the non-essentials; now for the essentials. You should come with the army to Italy as soon as possible. All are expecting you. Immediately upon your setting foot on Italian soil, all will flock to you *en masse*. If we win (before you can get here), we have need of your authority in arranging the affairs of state; if the fight shall still be on, we rely not only on your authority but also upon the strength of your army. But above all things, hasten! You know how much depends on circumstances and speed.

How carefully I am looking after your sister's children (Lepidus' sons) I hope you will learn from the letters of your mother and your sister. In this matter I am having more regard for your good will, which is most dear to me, than, as some think, to my consistency of conduct; in nothing would I rather be and seem consistent than in my love for you.

The Last Cry of a Breaking Heart

CXL. (*Brut.* I. 18)

TO BRUTUS (in Macedonia)

ROME, 27 July, B.C. 43

Though I had often urged you to come with all possible speed to the help of the state and to bring your army to

Italy, and though I had supposed your friends were confirming this advice of mine, I received a request from that most far-seeing and painstaking woman, your mother, who centers all her affections in you and devotes all her energies to your interest, that I should come to see her on the 24th. I did my duty and went to her without delay. When I arrived, I found Casca, Labeo, and Scaptius there.

She put to me the question whether in my opinion we should summon you and whether such a step was for your interest or whether it was better for you to wait a bit. I replied that I considered it a matter of the greatest moment to your position and honor for you to come straightway to the rescue of the constitution which is already slipping and tottering to its fall. In fact, can you imagine a worse situation than that victorious troops should refuse to pursue the defeated enemy (as Octavius' army did after the battle of Modena) and for a general (Lepidus), secure of position, honored for his services, blest of fortune with wealth, wife, children, and kinship with you, to declare war upon the state?

At the moment of writing I am utterly overcome with grief because when the Republic had accepted me as security for the lad, nay rather, boy (Octavius), it begins to look as though I cannot make good my promise.

The hardest knot of all, however, in the body politic, unless I am mistaken, is the scarcity of money; for, as the days go by, the *Optimates* are becoming callous to the call

for funds. Thanks to the shameless returns given in by the rich, the collections from the income tax have barely sufficed to pay the bonus to two legions only. Besides, immediate provision of unlimited funds must be made not only for the armies that are now defending us but also for yours. As for Cassius, it looks as if he can come pretty well equipped. But more of this when we meet, very soon, I hope.

As regards measures concerning your nephews I have not waited till you should write. The very course of events — for the war will be protracted — is keeping the case open until you come. But even before I had any idea the war was going to drag along, I pleaded their cause before the Senate as, no doubt, you have heard by letter from their mother. There will never be any action in which even at the risk of my life I shall not conform to your interests and wishes in word and deed.

The Last Letter of the Correspondence

CXLI. (*Fam. X. 24*)

PLANCUS to CICERO (at Rome)

CAMP in GAUL, 28 July, B.C. 43

In view of your service in several matters I cannot but express my appreciation to you. Among these is your interest in the welfare of my soldiers. Not for my own sake have I wanted them to be rewarded by the Senate, but first, because I thought them worthy of such recognition, then, because I wished them to have their loyalty confirmed

against all emergencies, and lastly, that I might present them to you, just as they have always been, entirely free from any taint of disloyalty.

No definite move here has as yet been attempted. Although I know how eager men are for an early decision, yet our plan, I trust, is approved by you; for, if there should be any stumbling with these armies we have, there are no others at hand by which the state may resist any sudden and treacherous attack of traitors.

You know, I believe, the personnel of our forces: I have three veteran legions, one of recruits, indeed, but the best of the lot. Brutus (Decimus) has one legion of veterans, one of two years' service, and eight of recruits. Accordingly, take it all in all, the army is strong in numbers, weak in morale. Too often in the shock of battle have we experienced how little confidence should be placed in raw troops.

If the African army, which is composed of veterans, or Cæsar's should be added to our force, we should risk all in a general battle. Of these two forces, Cæsar's is nearer; therefore I have not ceased urging him to come without delay. He as persistently kept promising to do so until now I notice that, losing interest in the matter, he has turned himself to other counsels (i.e., to obtain the consulship).

You know, my Cicero, that, as far as young Cæsar is concerned, I love him as much as you do; but, in what I am writing to you, I am actuated more by sorrow, so help me God, than by animosity. The fact that Antony lives to

day, that Lepidus is with him, that they have armies by no means contemptible, that they are hopeful, and that they are bold, they can lay entirely to the credit of young Cæsar. To say nothing of former occasions, if he had been willing to come as he had declared he would do, either the war would already have been finished, or our enemies would have been driven off with the most severe losses to Spain, which is bitterly hostile to them. What purpose on his part or whose advice has diverted him from a career of so great glory, so essential to his own safety, and has set him to thinking about being elected consul though the term is nearly over and to making foolish demands that have thrown the populace into a panic — all this I am entirely unable to fathom.

I have commissioned Furnius to thresh things out with him. If I have as much influence with him as I ought, I will prove to have helped him amazingly. Meanwhile we are maintaining the war with greater difficulty, that we do not think it entirely safe to risk an engagement or on the other hand by retiring do we intend to venture the possibility of the state's receiving a heavier loss. If Cæsar has any regard for himself or if the African legions come soon, we will relieve you from difficulty on every score. Keep on loving me and be assured that I am entirely yours.

CONCLUSION

WITH the last of Cicero's S.O.S. calls to Brutus for help on July 27 the autobiography comes to an end. Such a time-server as Atticus would, of course, publish nothing too compromising of the monarchy. For the last swift moments in the fall of the Republic we have to go to Plutarch, Appian, Suetonius, and others. After the Senate early in June had refused to allow Octavian to stand for the consulship, he sent an embassy from his army to press the demand, also to insist upon the soldiers' getting their bonus, and to compel the Senate to pardon Antony. The legation returned without accomplishment. Thereupon Octavian led his army across the fatal Rubicon. This movement created a panic at Rome. There were several reversals of opinion as to what should be done until the two African legions so anxiously awaited by Cicero and Plancus immediately upon their arrival deserted the Senate for Octavian, who occupied the city without a struggle. Pollio in Spain had gone over to Antony and had persuaded Plancus to do likewise; Decimus Brutus became a fugitive upon the face of the earth, and Marcus Brutus, deaf to the pleas of Cicero, went off to Asia. Octavian was elected consul on the 19th of August. Cicero's house of cards had collapsed; the Republic had fallen.

The great consular's race was about run. With the best

grace he could he submitted himself to the "lad" for whose loyalty he had gone bond, only to receive the scoffing reply, "Of all my friends you are the last to come to see me." In November the triumvirs met to arrange the proscriptions; they had grudges to vent and soldiers' bonuses to pay. Octavian sacrificed Cicero, thus disappointing the hope expressed in the fragment of a letter addressed by the defeated statesman to the victor: "I rejoice doubly in the leave you have granted Philippus and me; for in giving it, you pardon the past and offer hope for the future." Thus too was Clodius avenged; for his spouse Fulvia was now the wife of Antony. Quintus and his son were included in the fate of their illustrious kinsman. Upon hearing of his proscription Cicero took steps to withdraw to Brutus in Asia. But not being able to tear himself away from the vestiges of the fatherland he loved so well, he was brutally murdered by tools of the triumvirs. His head and hands by Antony's order were fixed over the *Rostra*.

Thus the most modern of the ancients came to his end. In his correspondence, to quote his brother, we see him as he is, and we find him to be like ourselves. First of all, he is human; courteous toward inferiors, merciful toward subjects; quick to resent, ready to forget; a charming member of society to whose *soirées* — held in the morning — everybody flocked and of whose *bons mots* Cæsar made a collection; a great orator who by words alone long held out against steel and brawn; a man jealous of his financial re-

putation; an enthusiast for culture, finding solace from personal sorrow and political worries by long and repeated periods of literary endeavor; a statesman, champion of a lost cause, following the impulses of his heart rather than the dictates of his head; a teacher like Socrates and Christ, failing where they succeeded—for he looked back, they forward. Above all, he was a man of principle, setting himself a high standard; and when once in the maze of what was expedient and right, as in the choice between Pompey and Cæsar, the Senate and Antony, he had unraveled the guiding thread of principle, he followed it to the bitter end, a martyr to a cause.

In the mirror of Cicero's works we see ourselves not only as individuals but also as society. There are problems enough: that of education, shall it be vocational or cultural? a college education, "shall one's studies interfere with it?" our leisure and how to spend it? the provinces, how to keep an *honorable* Brutus from strangling whole towns in the net of his usury? the problem of getting into society that looks askance on the social upstart who repays the snubs of his "betters" by giving his life for their miserable régime. We behold the "get rich quick" stage of a nation and what it does for the youth of a generation: Cicero, Jr., Quintus, Jr., Cælius, Dolabella, Curio—all go to the bad. We watch the débâcle of an inbred aristocracy which never learns anything, gets rid of its foes by assassination, and dies of dry rot.

We are a witness of the mortal clash of the "haves" with the "have nots," the one guarding their vested interests by appeal to prerogative, by bribery and filibustering, and by debauching the courts; the other insisting upon reaping where they have not sown; at last by their turbulence and by their preponderance of numbers bringing about an *impasse* that had to result either in destruction of society or in absolutism.

We watch the growth of an organization to a dominating position, be it a priesthood, labor union, bureaucracy, or what not, that secures allegiance to itself rather than to the state. In the case of Rome it was a standing army. Granted such an opportunity, there will arise some man who by appealing to the cupidity of men will bring about the subversion of liberty. Absolutism would have swamped Britain more than once if the stiff-necked Englishman would have stood for a standing army. Thus was it with Rome. She created an army with which to conquer the world and perished by the hands of her own creation. The *dénouement* of this drama unfolds itself in Cicero's letters. What to do with the returned soldier was always a political ghost that would not down. There were always land grants to be voted, bonuses to be passed. Finally, when Cæsar had organized an army that could master Pompey, he crossed the Rubicon and became dictator; when Octavian had won over his uncle's soldiers, he waded the same stream and the Republic was gone forever. The machine had destroyed its maker.

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